LALLEGRO 1.9.1.1



L'ALLEGRO

VOLUME V.

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE, CLINTON, MISSISSIPPI



MCMXI.

PRESENTATION



presenting this, the fifth volume of L'Allegro, we place into your hands a book which is the product of many days toil and responsibility, and with bated breath await its reception by the critical world. Friends, in reading this book, we beg you to keep in mind that we are merely inexperienced

college boys-nothing more.

We have attempted to portray to you Mississippi College life as it really is, in every phrase, mood, and fancy. Our care has been to give you facts in the most attractive and agreeable manner. In this respect we realize that we have fallen far short of our goal, yet, if the perusal of these pages will furnish you any amusement or instruction, we feel that our purpose has been accomplished, and our efforts liberally rewarded.

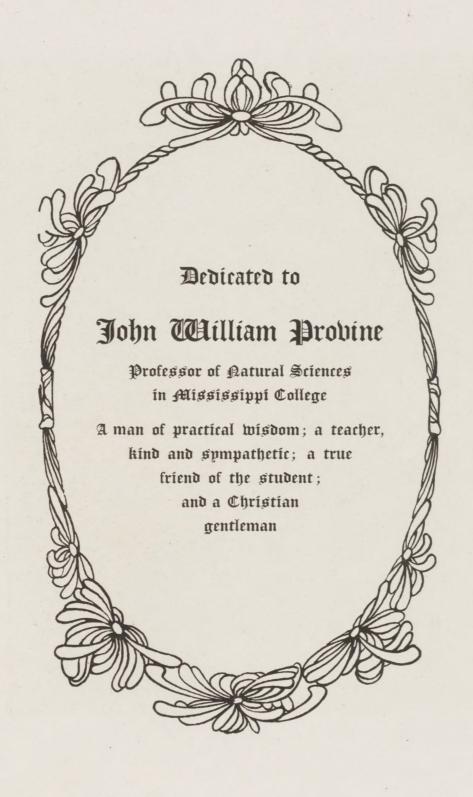
We have received much pleasure in making this book and the experience we have obtained is invaluable. In this volume is recorded the testimony of our love and respect for those who have taught and inspired us to higher and nobler thoughts and deeds, and through this we say farewell to them and to our fellow students. It is true that our spirit of humor at times has bordered closely on to "knocking," but we hope no one will be offended at anything we have said or at anything we have left unsaid. However, this is not the time and place for apologies, kind reader—interpret for yourself. Our work has been done.

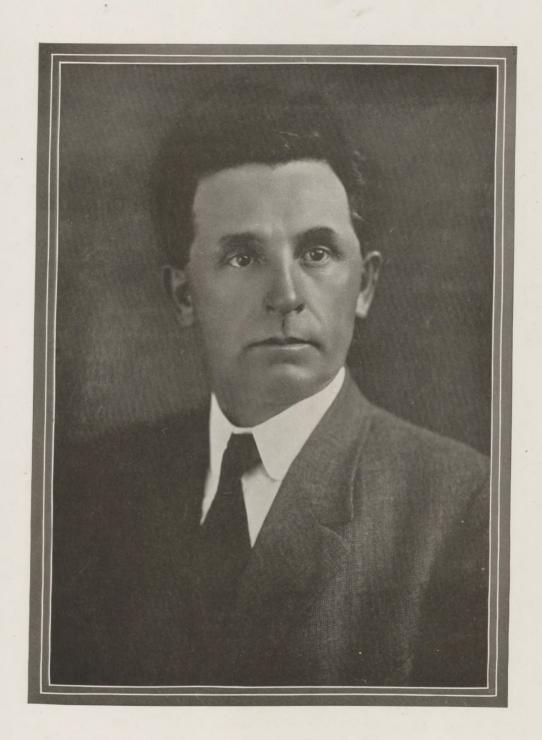
Dear L'Allegro, you have attained your majority and we give you your freedom. We, who feel a parental affection for you, trust you with our names. Beloved, as you shall visit from place to place, we hope you will meet with many friends, and that they will minimize your faults and encourage you. Should the cold wind from some icy heart ever make you lonesome, come back to your childhood home where you will find our host of friends who will welcome and cherish you.

Lebewohl, L'Allegro, Lebewohl,
—The Staff.



THE L'ALLEGRO STAFF





JOHN WILLIAM PROVINE, Ph. D.

by

Pres. W. T. Lowrey.

HIS splendid specimen of strong, scholarly, efficient manhood, was born in Calhoun County, Mississippi, on the 19th day of June, in the year of 1866. His father, Col. R. N. Provine, was one of the bravest and truest of the gallant Confederate soldiers who sacrificed much and risked everything during the dark days of the Civil War. Col. Provine is now one of the most successful and prosperous farmers in the South, and the sturdy subject of this sketch enjoyed the unspeakable advantage of being reared on the farm by a father who believed in industry, system and honor from the depth of his soul. With the best blood in his veins, excellent native ability and the best of home training, how could he fail to

develop into a man worthy of the name. He did not fail.

He secured his early education in the neighborhood schools near his home, and then entered the State University at Oxford. After completing his regular course there he was appointed Fellow in the department of Chemistry, where he worked two years and completed his Master's Degree. Later, with Chemistry as his Major, he spent two years in one of the great German Universities, where he secured the degree of Doctor of

Philosophy.

Upon his return to America, he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences in Mississippi College. So vigorous, progressive and efficient did this young professor prove himself to be, that upon the resignation of President Venable, one year later, he was elected Chairman of the Faculty until a President could be secured. In two years he so thoroughly won his way to the front that he was made President of the College. After one year of service as President, Dr. Provine saw that the financial and executive work of his office was forcing him to sacrifice his specialty as a Chemist, so he resigned the Presidency in order that he might devote his time more thoroughly to his work as the head of the Science department of the College.

At the end of his first year's connection with Mississippi College, he had the great good fortune to lead Miss Mary Sproles, of Jackson, Mississippi, to the marriage alter. This cultured and womanly daughter of the great Dr. H. F. Sproles, has been a true

help-meet to her progressive and prominent husband.

As President of Mississippi College, Dr. Provine attained enviable success. addition to excellent service in other lines, he handled the finances of the institution admirably and made very decided improvements on the buildings and campus. For these thirteen years since his resignation as President, he has been vigorously pushing his work

as the head of our Science department.

If you will come to the College any year, seek out a score of the best students in the institution, and ask each one to name the three strongest and most effective teachers in the faculty, not one of them, I am sure, will fail to mention Dr. Provine among the three; in fact, you need not be surprised if a large majority of them name him first. Wherever Mississippi College graduates go they are proud to tell that they took their Chemistry under Dr. Provine, and they find everywhere that he is recognized as one of the leading teachers of Chemistry in the South. We would not swap him for anybody.

Dr. Provine loves the soil. He also knows the soil and how to handle it. He owns an excellent farm within a half mile of the College, and finds his recreation in work. Watch him as he rides his splendid saddle mare out from the barn before sunrise in the morning. She knows which way to go, and bears him swiftly toward the farm; but he is back in time for his work. In the afternoon, when his school hours are over, you will see that splendid animal bearing her purposeful master in the same direction again. doubt if there is a finer farmer in Hinds County than Dr. Provine. This feature of his life is an example and a blessing to the boys, as well as to the entire community.

As a citizen, Dr. Provine is note-worthy. I do not hesitate to say that from the standpoint of progressive citizenship he has been worth more to the town of Clinton than any other one man since the war. He believes in law and order, but that is not all. He believes in public improvements and conveniences. To him Clinton owes her electric lights and water works; to him, more than any other man, she owes the great improvements that have come to her streets and side-walks, and to him more than to any other citizen, we owe our new depot and the improved surroundings of our railroad station. Any community might be proud of such a citizen as Dr. Provine. He cwns his own home and it is probably the nicest and most conveniently arranged home in the town. He sets his neighbors a good example in all that pertains to community pride.

As a Christian, Dr. Provine is one of the leaders of the community. He is one of the most faithful and progressive Deacons in our Baptist Church. He is also the accurate and efficient treasurer of the Church. He is Superintendent of the Sunday School and takes great pride in this noble work. You will find few such Sunday-school Superintendents in Mississippi. He is energetic in Christian work, exemplary in conduct, and

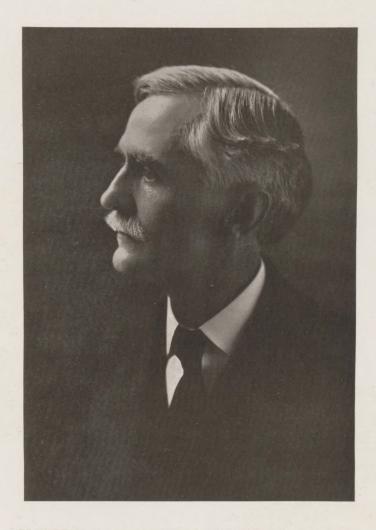
From the above description of my admirable friend, neighbor and co-worker, you could not possibly have gotten the idea that he is "goody-goody." Far from it. He is That is, he is efficient in the accomplishment of things that ought to be done. Yes, sir; he has it. Spirit? Yes, if that is different, he has that. He is courageous, vigorous, virile; and his impulses are like the throbbing of a steam engine. As I have lived near neighbor to him for these thirteen years and known him in all sorts of relations, he has often reminded me of a strong man riding a fiery steed. With form erect and hands upon the reins clearing his distances with precision and speed, he would never allow weakness to once enter the mind of the observer. Weakness is about the last thing you would think of when you consider Dr. Provine. Of course, occasionally, in his intensity, he forgets and relaxes his hold on the reins, and then-look out! But you may always be sure that it will not be long until the strong hand will be in control again, and the strong steed will be held down to perfect control.

School boys will nick-name any man if they like him. In view of Dr. Provine's physical build and his fluent use of the German language, the boys have dubbed him 'Dutchy." This name, as used by the boys, bespeaks admiration and affection on their

part, and jolly good-humor on his part.

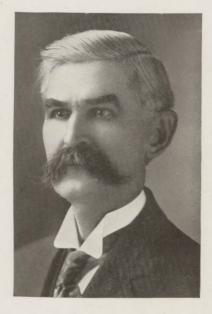
Dr. Provine is a constantly growing man. He was an able man and a Christian when he came to Mississippi College, but during these seventeen years he has grown wonderfully in self-control, knowledge, wisdom and Grace. He is still in his prime, and while he is a great man now, he will grow greater with the years. Such a man does not

stand still. He moves on and up.
O! "Dutchy," here's to your health and happiness; may your large store of knowledge grow larger from year to year; may your splendid wisdom grow more and more trustworthy; may your skilled hand become more skillful; may your prosperity increase; may long years be added to your life, and may your entire pathway be "as the shining light that shineth more and more until the perfect day.'



PRESIDENT WILLIAM TYNDALE LOWREY, D. D., LL. D.

B. A., Mississippi College; President Blue Mountain Female College, 1884-'97. President Mississippi College, '97—



ALGERON JASPER AVEN, M. A.,

Professor of Latin.

A. B., University of Mississippi, 1884; A. M., ibid., 1889; Principal of Coles Creek Academy, 1884-85; Principal of Winona Male Academy, 1885-89; Professor of English, Mississippi College, 1889-90; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, Summers of 1894 and 1895.

PORTER WALKER BERRY, M. A.,

Assistant in Mathematics.

B. S., Mississippi College; M. A., Mississippi College; Principal of Hickory High School, 1903; Principal of Ackerman High School, 1906; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, Summer Terms, 1907-08.



DALE E. CHADWICK, B. S.

Athletic Director and Assistant in Chemistry.

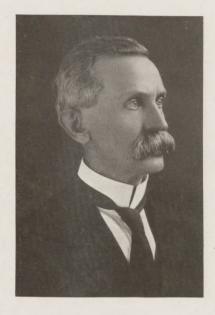
Graduate Marietta Academy, Ohio, 1900; Marietta College, 1905-07; Albion College, Mich., 1907-08, Shurtleff College, Ill., Athletic Director, Shurtleff College, 1908-09; Athletic Director, Dakota Weslyan University, 1909-10.

PAT HENRY EAGER, M. A.,

Professor of English and Literature.

A. B., Mississippi College, 1877; M. A., ibid. 1878: Professor of Mathematics, ibid., 1878-82; President of Brownsville Female College, Tennessee, 1882-87; Professor of English in Baylor College, Texas, 1887-90; Professor of Philosophy in the University of Mississippi, 1890-91; President of Baylor College, 1891-94; Graduate Student, University Chicago, Summer Term, 1899.

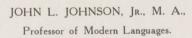




EDGAR GODBOLD, B. S.,

Professor of Zoology, Botany, Geology and Physics.

Principal Lawrence County High School, 1905-07; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1907-08.



A. B., University of Mississippi; M. A., Mississippi College, 1902; Tutor of Mathematics University of Mississippi, 1895; President of Hearn Academy, 1896; Superintendent of Jackson, Georgia, Public Schools, 1899; Principal of Columbus, Georgia, High School, 1901; Vice-President of Hillman College; President of Hillman College, 1906; Student of University of Berlin and of University of Paris.





J. L. ROBERTS, B. A.,
Professor Preparatory Department.

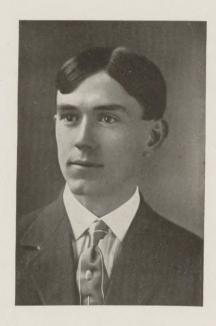
B. A., Mississippi College; Principal of Pulaski High School; Principal Daniel High School, 1906-09.



MURRAY LATIMER, M. A.,

Professor of Greek.

A. B. and B. S., Mississippi College, 1897; M. A., ibid., 1898; Student of University of Chicago, Summer Terms, 1898-1900.



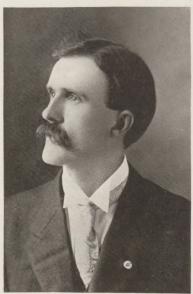
JAMES MADISON SHARP, B. A.,

Professor of Mathematics.

A. B., University of Mississippi, 1875; Principal of Live Oak High School, Colorado County, Texas, 1875-76; First Assistant, Peabody School, Summit, Missispipi, 1876-77; Principal of McCarthy and Jefferson Schools, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1877-80; Principal of McComb City High Schools, 1880-82; Principal of Preparatory and Commercial School, Mississippi College, 1882-90; Principal of Capital Commercial College, 1890-93.

HENRY F. SPROLES, D. D., Professor of Bible and Assistant in Latin.

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; D. D., Mississippi College.



J. T. WALLACE, M. A., Professor of History.

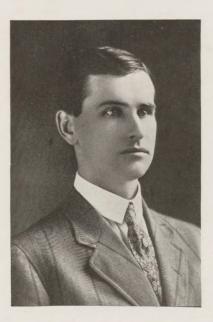
B. S., University of Mississippi; M. A., ibid.; Principal Louisville High School; Principal Tupelo High School; Preparatory Department Mississippi.



W. H. WEATHERSBY, M. A.,

Assistant in English.

A. B., Mississippi College; M. A., ibid.; Principal of Tylertown High School, 1901; Principal Little, Springs High School, 1901-05; Institute Summer Schools, 1902-04; Graduate Student University, Chicago, Summer Term, 1907-08-10.



Faculty Meeting

Dr. "Spot" at Chapel—"We want a short Faculty meeting just after chapel and would like to see the following men immediately, Messrs. Blank, Blank and Blank,"

Faculty assembles while Dr. "Spot" talks to the young men privately. Dr. "Spot" enters the Faculty meeting. Faculty makes preparation prior to first boy's appearance. Dr. "Spot" states the case. Enters, Mr. Blank.

Dr. "Spot"—"Mr. Blank, we have you charged with a very grave offence. On Friday night you and others slipped out of the Dormitory while Prof. Roberts was sick, and entered Dr. Sproles' back yard and stole his Thanksgiving turkey. Mr. Blank, this is a very serious thing, any man that will steal a turkey will steal a horse, rob a bank, and take money out of your vest pocket. We were greatly mortified, chagrined and deeply pained to know that students from this excellent student body of this Grand Old Institution would steal out under the shadow of darkness, and commit such a crime. Are you guilty or not?"

Mr. "Blank"-"Dr. Lowrey, I am not guilty."

"Little Bill"—"What did you study that night? I know it was not Freshman English, for you made a zero Saturday evening."

Mr. "Blank"—"Prof. Weathersby, I asked you to excuse me that day, for I was sick in bed Friday night, and was taking some little pink pills that Dr. Hall gave me for a sprained ankle."

Prof. Wallace—"I very earnestly and assidiously interrogated you in Freshman History, and you ignored my attempt to get you to answer. As a result, I very religiously gave you a zero."

"Little Bill"—"Mr. Blank, was this the first time you ever committed such a crime as this?"

Mr. "Blank"—"Prof. Weathersby, I think if you will stop and think a few minutes you will recall that I told you I was not guilty."

"Zed"—(After blowing)—"Did you go down town after seven o'clock that night?"

Mr. "Blank"—"No, sir, I did not."

"Little Bill"—"What did you go down there for, Mr. Blank?"

Mr. "Blank"—"Prof. I emphatically told you that I did not go down there."

Dr. "Dutchy"—"Did you ever steal any sugar cane?"

Mr. "Blank"—"No, sir, I never stole any of yours in my life."

"Little Bill"—"Where did you cook the turkey, Mr. Blank?"

Mr. "Blank"—"Prof. Weathersby, please listen and try to understand what I am saying—I did not steal any turkey!"

Prof. Sharp—"Did you get up for breakfast the morning afterwards?"

Mr. "Blank"—"I don't remember, but I think I did."

Prof. Roberts—(Looking on an old envelope)—"No, sir, you have ten demerits for being absent that morning."

"Little Bill"—"Well, I think Mr. Blank has about fifty demerits already, for he cut my English five times and I caught him down town twice, so this would give him eighty."

Dr. "Spot"—"And you have eighty demerits, what kind of a fellow are you, anyway? What kind of influence do you exert over your fellow students?"

Mr. "Blank"—"I do as I please, and they can do the rest."

Dr. "Spot"-"We will excuse you, Mr. Blank."

(Prof. Sharp blows seven times and pulls his beard.)

"Little Bill"—"I move that we suspend this fellow on general principles until next year."

Prof. Latimer—(In a very deep, but exceedingly sympathetic tone)—"I believe if we give this boy a chance and try to help him he will come out and make a man. In view of the fact that this is his first year and that he is young and full of life, we should help him. He has the making of a man in him, so I move that we give him thirty days probation and reduce his demerits to forty—thus giving him a chance."

(All vote favorably except two.)

Dr. "Spot"—(Next morning at chapel)—"I have a rather unpleasant statement to make to the student body this morning. I am deeply pained to have to announce that some of the young gentlemen from the Dormitory are guilty of a very serious offence. These men are all from excellent families and sons of former room-mates of mine, yet they have dragged their family names in the dust and besmirched the fair name of this Grand Old Institution. These men have not acted as gentlemen, as they did not admit of We are absolutely certain that they are guilty, so with two disthe grave offence. senting voices, we gave them thirty days on general principles. As some possibly have not heard of the character of the crime, I will state it for the benefit of the school: These boys under cover of night stole into Dr. Sproles' back yard and willfully and maliciously stole his Thanksgiving turkey, to think that boys would go in an old Confederate's back yard and steal a turkey that cost two dollars and had been fattening for three months, making it cost him at least five dollars, gives me much pain. So in the words of our Master let me drop this work of advice, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

"The bell ringer will please cut the last three periods two minutes each."

You are dismissed.

-ONE WHO KNOWS.





Senior Class Officers

P.	F.	Williams							President
		Stapleton							
		Odom .							Treasurer
		Lee .							Historian
		Montgome							
		Franks .							

Colors: Olive Green and Light Blue

Motto: "We adorn all that we touch."

BARBER, I. I., Ph. B.

Gulfport, Miss.

"I have no other fish to fry."

"Ikey," the American Jew, was born in Meridian, April 22, 1888. He began molding his noble character in the High Schools of Meridian, Hickory and Gulfport, Miss. His record at M. C. has been "without spot or wrinkle." In athletics he is a wonder, baseball is his choice of all sports, and in the center garden as a regular for seasons '07, '10, and '11, he made a "rep" that has never been surpassed. His boisterous laugh and well known whistle have revealed to all the boys his disposition. Although "Ikey" is still undecided in regard to his life's work, we predict for him a bright and useful future in whatever walk of life he enters, and especially if he decides to train the minds of the turbulent youth.

BEARD, W. L., Ph. B. Holmesville, Miss. "Inflamed with study of learning and love of virtue."

As a matter of fact, "Whiskers" began to have his "fun" shortly after May 10, 1890. And as he grew older, his love for amusement became so intense that at last nothing less than the theatre could entertain him. But he went to one too many! And on March 31st, he went on probation for sixty-three days. This though marks the turning point with "Whiskers," and since, he has taken a more serious and manly view of life. That he is the most lovable fellow in the class is sactioned by all the ladies. They say "to know him is to love him." Lee has made one of the best Art Editors L'Allegro has ever had. And this we contribute to his double course in Art at Hillman, last year. He is all business and we predict for him a great success in the commercial world.

Light weight Football, '06-'09; Sub. 'Varsity Football, '10; Jun. Football, '09; Capt. Senior Football, '10; Capt. All-Class, '10-'11; Art Ed. L'Allegro, '10-'11; Pres. Ath. Ass'n, '10-11.

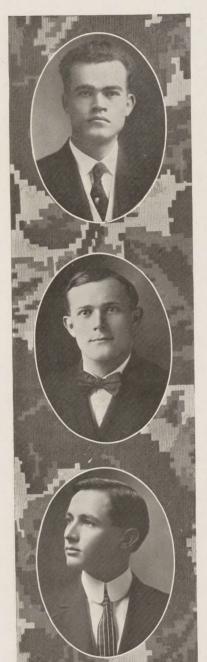
BERRY, J. H., B. S. Blue Mountain, Miss. "Counts his sure gains and hurries back for more."

"Judge," as he is called by the boys, first saw the light of day January 3rd, 1889, at Blue Mt., Miss. He was sent to Miss. Heights in order that he might be prepared to enter M. C., which he did in '07. Stetson University was honored with his presence in 1908-09. During the summer of 1909, he attended University of Chicago. In September of that year, he re-entered M. C. as a Junior, where he received a hearty welcome at the hands of his former class-mates.

He has chosen business as his profession, and we feel safe in predicting that no man in the Senior class will make a greater success in the business world than Joel H. Berry.

Class Historian, '08; Class Prophet, '10; Sect'y Herm., '10; Vice-Pres., '11; 2nd Orator Anniversary, '11; U. D. C. Medal, '10; Mgr. Track Team, '11; Pres. Golf Club, '11; Bus. Mgr. College Magazine, '11





BLACK, E. B., B. A.

Ecru, Miss.

"Say over again and yet once again that thou dost love me.

"Ebony" B. Black, the subject of this sketch, was born among the postoak runners of Pontotoc County. Black is very affectionate and spends many early mornings on the McRaven pike. His rural training was supplemented by three years at the Ecru High School. He came to M. C. in '07, and though he has had many "ups and downs," he will carry away a diploma with his class. We congratulate Mr. Black for his tenacity, and both wish and predict for him a successful career after

Pres. Theolog's, '09-'10; Treas. Philo's, '08-'09; Originator and President of Bachelors' Club, '09-'10.

BLANKENSHIP, C., Ph. B. Bay Springs, Miss.

"I'd sleep another hundred years, Oh, Love for such another kiss.

He didn't come here on a street car or in a machine, but arrived in Clinton, we won't say how, in the Fall of '08. Lake Como, Miss., produced this lad in the early part of 1888, and he has been doing things ever since. His success in doing people made him a little rash, for once he tried to do the Faculty, but failed ignominiously. Ask him. Bay Springs High School put him on the upward road, and he has been climbing "very assidously" to reach the last round of the ladder. "Blank" has been one of our stars in athletics, since here he has been

and made a record never excelled by any one.

'Varsity Football, '08-'09-'10; 'Varsity Baseball, '09-'10-'11; Track, '10-'11; Winner of Athletic Medal, '09-'10; Orchestra and Band, '10-'11.

BLASSINGAME, C. D., Ph. B. Baldwyn, Miss.

> "I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.'

We are not absolutely certain as to all the reasons why December 22 is the shortest day in the year, and that darkness comes over us earlier on that day than any other day, however, "Dynamite" was born on that day and we care to enquire no further. We shall remember him as a fearless fighter in support of his convictions of truth. Early school training, Tippah Public Schools and Chalybeate Springs High School: Taught three years; Entered M. C. in '09; Philo Critic, '09-'10; Sec't'y, '10-'11; Philo Attorney, '10-'11; Pres. Y. M. C. A., '10-'11. Profession—Medicine. BRAND, T., B. A.

Newton, Miss.

"Teach not thy lips such scorn for they were made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt."

Having sat at the feet of our Pedgogue Prof. and become very learned in his art, "Doubting" Thomas went out this year to instruct the rising generation of his fellowman. To become a more desirable Prof., he attended a Normal last Summer, where he distinguished himself as an amateur suitor. His luxurious hair is greatly admired by all who see him. Altho' he has spent the greater part of this session as Prin. of Dentville High School, he will receive his diploma with his class in June. He finishes with a record of thorough work and has the friendship of the entire College.

work and has the friendship of the entire College.
Vice-Pres. Philo, '09-'10; Pres. B. Y. P. U.; Monitor Sec. No. 9 at Chapel, '08-'10; Sub. 'Varsity Basketball, '09-10.

BURKE, W. S., B. S.

Clinton, Miss.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

We attribute the elderly looks of Wiley Spain to trouble and hard work (?) rather than old age, for he saw light the first time in Natchez only twenty-two years ago next June. Before coming to M. C., he attended the Natchez Institute and the Cathedral School. In '06 he entered M. C. as a "Prep." Since then he has been a faithful student, doing excellent work and most especially so in Math. During his career as a lower classman, he never seemed to care much for the fair sex, but with his full consent a most skilled and beautiful "Roper" has at last lassoed him. He expects to be a Civil Engineer.

Senior Football, '10-'11; Sub. Marshal Philo's, '07-'08'09-'10'-11.

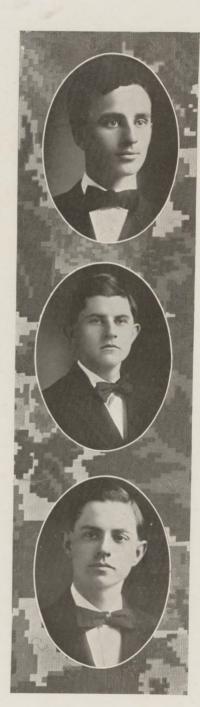
BURKE, A. A., Ph. B.

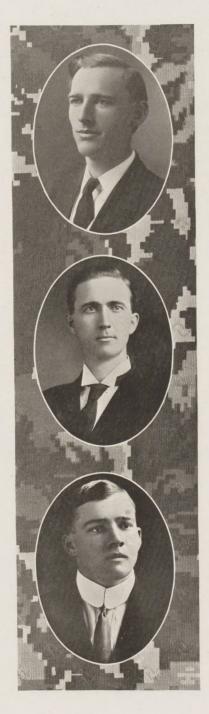
Clinton, Miss.

"And when a lady's in the case, you will know all other things give place."

This little Xmas present was two days late in arriving, making his first appearance on Dec. 27, 1890, at Natchez, Adams Co., Miss. He got his early training at the Natchez Institute, and came to M. C., '06, to get the finishing touch. "A"2 is small in stature and doesn't have much to say, but when he condescends to give his opinion, it is well worth listening to. He hasn't yet decided what he will do in the future, but we are sure that whatever he undertakes he will make of it a great success. From the present outlook he is likely to have a fair partner to cheer him along the rugged road of life.

He joined the Philos soon after reaching College, and has been a good worker ever since.





CAIN, J. I., Ph. B.

McCalls, Miss.

"Wit, now and then struck smartly shows a spark."

"James Isaiah," as he is familiarly called by the boys, was first heard of at McCalls, Miss., Franklin Co. Cain has been with us for five years which speaks much for his tenacity and steadiness of purpose. To say the least of him, he has made good with the boys and many say that he is a counsellor for several Seniors in their love affairs. He has won world wide renown as a radical in Philo politics and as a Vardaman supporter. He has chosen as his life work the practice of medicine—and we hereby give notice to the public-

Capt. Soph. Baseball; Winner of championship Tennis in singles, '08-'10; Winner of doubles in Tennis, '10-'11; Mgr. Tennis, '10-'11.

CAUSEY, O. D. B., Ph. B.

Buckatuna, Miss.

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin, Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

The fact that "Alphabet" was Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in '04-'05; served the Hermenian Society as Attorney, President and Anniversarian in '10-'11; and has been a tireless worker in the B. Y. P. U. as President or member of responsible committees, is an evidence of the high estimate that his fellow students place upon him the high estimate that his fellow students place upon him as student, orator and man. The source of his information outside M. C. has been Washington Co., Ala., where he was born June 3, 1880. He attended the public schools of his County and the Ga.-Ala. Business College before coming to M. C. in '03. Since his first engage of the control of the county was in the husiness. trance here, he has spent several years in the business world.

CANNON, J. W., Ph. B.

Arm, Miss.

"The world knows only two, that's Rome and I."

"Guns" first spied the light of dawn on Oct. 25th, 1890. He received his primary training in the Lawerence County High School. In 1906 he entered M. C. to prepare for higher attainments in life. out one year, but returned determined to finish his course and go out, with a good class. Jno. is an all round athlete, having made the Basketball and Track teams, '10-'11, also being a worthy combatant for a place on the pitching staff of the 'Varsity Baseball team. John is made of good stuff and we predict nothing but success

for him in the future.
'Varsity Football, '10-'11; 'Varsity Basketball, '10'11; Scrub Baseball, '11; Track Team, '10-'11.

CHADWICK, P. K., B. A. Walnut Grove, Miss.

> "Your name is great In mouths of wisest censure."

Without reference to an avoirdupois table, one would be of the opinion that "Peck" is just about a full However, he entered the heavy weight grown man. bawling contest only twenty years ago at Walnut Grove in Leake County. Kelly possesses the rare and valuable art of making friends. He never meets a stranger, and at first acquaintance, he seems an old friend. His excellent business qualities have been fully demonstrated to all his fellows by his continual and untiring service on the Annual Staff for the past two years. Whatever he undertakes is a success and we believe this is an index to his future, so here's to him.

Vice-Pres. Hermenians, '09; Sec't. Herm. '10; Critic, '10-'11; Treas. Athletic Ass'n, '10-'11; Business Mgr. L'Allegro, '09-'10; Editor-in-Chief L'Allegro, '10-'11. Roomed at Prof. Wallace, '07-'08.

COLLIER, J. A., Ph. B. Leland, Miss. "Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

He is from the Delta and as the Delta is the Garden Spot of the State, it is well represented by J. "Spit' Collier. The cooing from his babyish lips was first heard June 19, 1890, and ever since he has been whispering sweet nothings into the ears of the fair demoiselles. He graduated from Leland High School, attended Brannom & Hughes one year, came to M. C. in '07, and has taken an active part in every phase of college life. John is a fine student, one of our best athletes, and is liked by both students and faculty. He has chosen business for his profession and we predict great things for him along that line.
'Varsity Basketball, '07-'08-'09-'10-'11;

'Varsity Basketball, '07-'08-'09-'10-'11; 'Varsity Baseball, '07-'08; Sub. Regular, '08-'09-'10'-11; Class Football, '08-'09-'10; Annual Staff, '09-'10-'11; Vice-Pres. Sophomore Class, '08-'09; Mgr. Baseball, '10-'11; Capt. Basketball Team, '08-'09-'10; Class Base-

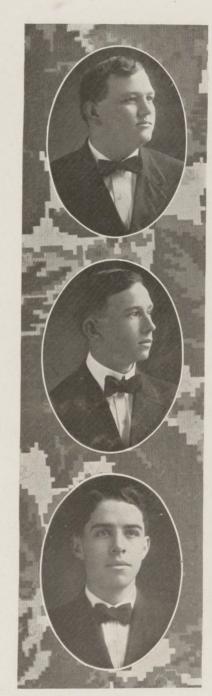
ball, '08-'09.

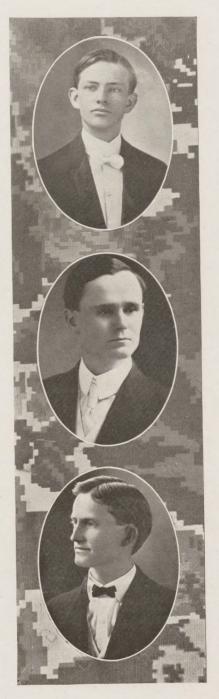
COOPER, R. B., B. A. Pontotoc, Miss. "The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me.'

Of Pontotoc County and Pontotoc Town we have all heard, for out of the wilderness came Bill Stegall, an orator of renown and Bob Cooper, a heart-smasher of world wide fame. This Bob-white did his first whistling on the 5th of Aug., 1889. Pototoc High School gave him his first conception of what an education should be, for after graduating there he decided that M. C. was the place for him. He first trod Clinton soil in '06. Tiring of dull Clinton, as he termed it, he sought the higher society circles of Washington, D. C. during the summer of '10. The girls claim from his conversation and actions that he is much improved.

Soph. Football, '06-'07; Mag. Staff, '09-'10; Annual Staff, '10-'11; Assistant Cashier Bank of Clinton, 10-'11; Secretary Sunday School, '06-'11. Consult him

for the remainder.





DANA, H. E., B. A.

Vicksburg, Miss.

"O ye Gods Render me worthy of this noble wife."

This man's name was written among the immortals when he made his Chapel speech on "Raising sheep without skins." A thorough student, a christian gentle-fan, an able preacher are some of his qualities. Early schools raining was obtained in Warren County Public Schools

Entered M. C., '06; Soph. Poet, '07-'08; Won Lackey Medal, '07; Historian Jr. Class, '08-'09; Chief Editor Mag., '08-'09; Married; Special distinction.

FRANKS, J. D., B. A.

Wheelers, Miss.

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct or the hand to execute."

Mr. Franks was born near Geeville, Miss., April 16, 1884. He attended the public schools of his community after which he taught three years. He entered Union University, Jackson, Tenn., where he made an admirable record, remaining at this institution through his Freshman year. The remainder of his college course he took at M. C. His college friends will remember him as a thorough student, eloquent speaker, logical debater, virile writer and a courtly yet unassuming gentleman.

wirile writer and a courtly yet unassuming gentleman.
Historian Soph. Class, '09; Fall Orator Philo Society,
'09; Junior Poet, '09; Delegate Students' Volunteer
Movement, Rochester, N. Y., '10; Senior Poet, '10-'11;
Pres. Philo Society, '10-'11. He will enter the Southern
Baptist Theological Seminary in September.

HAMILTON, W. N., B. A.

Clinton, Miss.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right."

This is Bro. Hamilton's second time to appear in the Annual as an Alumnus, but this time he takes a B. A. degree instead of "Pat Henry's Best" (Ph. B.). We are glad to have him claim '11 as his class instead of '10, for we know that he will do the class no little credit in the profession he has chosen. Hamilton has given meals on the campus for four years and the boys say that there are none better in town. He expects to prepare himself better for his work at Louisville when he has completed his work here. We expect great things of him and know from his past record that we will not be disappointed in him.

Entered M. C. in '04; Second Orator Thelogs, '09; Sec.-Treas. Senior Class, '09-'10; Hermenian.

HARDY, R. R., Ph. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"The law: It has honored us, may we honor it."

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Mr. Hardy-Come one and all and take a look at him. He entered M. C. '06 and has been making quite a record since. We feel proud of him, and justly so as he is mayor of the town. He is a great politician as all Philos will tell you, and we feel sure he will make a success in life as a lawyer. It has been rumored that his better 9/10 induced him to obtain a college education. He never attended a High School and had been out of the public

schools quite a while before entering here.

Treas. Philos, '07-'08; Att'y Philos, '07-'08; Pres.
Philos, '09-'10, '10-'11; Anniversarian Philos, '10-'11.

Mayor of Clinton.

HARTZOG, C. R., Ph. B.

Coral, Miss.

"I murmur not even though my heart should break."

He hails from Coral and his name is "Cut Rate." The March wind blew Chas. in on the 17th, 1889. His preparation, prior to his entrance in M. C., was given him by Lawerence Co. High School. He came here in "07 and has made good use of his time since he entered. "Cut Rate" is a good alround fellow and has done much for M. C., both on the Football and Baseball fields for two years. We are going to expect much of him in whatever line of work he undertakes.

'Varsity Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Baseball, '09-'10-'II; Vice-Pres. Ath. Association, '09-'10; Class Football, '07-'09; Mgr. Class Football, '09-'10; Mgr. 'Varsity Football, '09-'10.

KIRKLAND, S. B., Ph. B.

Quitman, Miss.

"Thou foster child of silence and slow Time."

Whether Stuart began to show his surprising intellectual acumen as early as Dec. 12, 1889, or not, the record does not show, but we at present have the fact before us. Quitman High School ought to be proud of "Kirk," for he is one of the brightest and best students in his class. He came here in 1906 and was out '09 and '10, but came back this year and goes out with a fine record. He is quiet and reserved, but has the genuine qualities that go to make up a man. He expects to go in business next year, and we feel that the business world will be made better by having a man like this enter it. There is a little rumor scattered around that there is a fair maiden that Stuart day-dreams about, and we fear that it will not be long after June before it will be Mr. and Mrs., instead of S. B. L'Allegro Staff, '10-'11.





LANGFORD, W. R., B. A.

Hattiesburg, Miss.

"Wise in his own conceit."

The melodious voice of "Dick" first silenced the mocking bird in 1891. (The exact date was Feb. 18, and since that time no Rankin County bird has ventured to sing in Feb.) Knowing that he was destined to become a prominent physician, "Dick" entered M. C. in '07. He immediately joined the Philos and during the four years, has never missed a single election. On other than election nights he could be found generally at the theatre in Jaxon, where it is said he had a permanently reserved seat. He is very fond of vegetables and makes

reserved seat. He is very fond of vegetables and makes a specialty of Crystal Springs "peaches."

Brashears Fiancee, '11; Cor. Secretary Philos, '07; Secretary Philos, '09; Glee Club, '10; Treas. Y. M. C. A., '10; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A., '11; Golf Club, '10-'11; Pres. Philos, '11; Chief Ed. Mag., '11.

LASETER, C. I., B. A.

Morton, Miss.

"No really great man ever thought himself so."

To do Carl and his merits justice would require a volume, but here we must content ourselves with a short chapter. On Nov. 5th, 1886, his melodious voice was first heard on his father's farm in Scott County. He entered M. C. in the fall of '07 as a Prep., but goes out with the class of '11, having completed five years work in four, and intends to finish with distinction which speaks volumes for his ability as a student. He has never been known to do but two rash acts in his life, viz —to have grown curly hair for his girl's sake, and he is said to have roomed with Pete Williams for about three

Winner of Carder Medal, '08; Pres. Fresh. Class, '08-'09; Class Football, '09-'11; First Orator Philos, '11; Ath. Ed. Magazine, '10-'11.

LEE, P. M., B. A.

Beach, Miss.

"Try thy eloquence, now 'tis time."

Come one and all and take a look at our baby. "Stuck" is the youngest member of the class, having cooed for the first time on Nov. 14, 1892. Ludlow has been honored by having him spend all his days there. Lee is quite a Stute fiend and seems to have made quite a hit with one of the fair maids. He has been chosen to represent us at the State Contest, and we have absolute confidence in his ability to represent us well. He received his High School education at Ludlow, after receiving his diploma there he entered M. C. in the Fall

of '08. We expect great things of Percy and know he will make good as a lawyer.
Fall Orator Hermenians, '09-'10; Junior Baseball, '09-'10; Chief Ed. Mag., '10-'11; First Orator Hermenians, '10-'11; Pres. Hermenians, '10-'11; Senior Football, '10-'11.

McCANN, E., B. S.,

Toomsuba, Miss.

"It's the 'Little' things in life that count."

During that part of the 19th century that the constellation Aries was backing up to the constellation Pisces and just about one month before the Summer Solstices, in our largest Mississippi county a young boy opened his baby blue eyes to view the radiant light of the noonday sun. To be more explicit, Ezelle McCann was born May 13, 1885, in Lauderdale County Mississippi. He attended the Lake Como and Bay Springs High Schools and in the fall of '06, he entered M. C. Dropped out at the end of his Sophomore year to instruct the youth of Rankin. It was during his Junior year that he met some one-never mind whom-but since that time he has always had a tender feeling in his heart for anything "Little." Ezelle is one of the most popular fellows in his Class, not only with the boys, but with the Profs, "Dutchy" and "Zed" especially.

Herald of Philos '10,; Sky Peepers, '11; Class Football, '10; Tennis Team, '11; Pres. L'Allegro Association '10'.

tion, '10-'11.

McLAURIN, H. J., Ph. B. Brandon, Miss. "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Hark! Listen! What in the world can it be? Oh pshaw! Don't be frightened, it is only Horace. Mac blew in with the East wind during the session of '07-'08, and has been blowing ever since. He made his first appearance July 30, 1889, near Trenton, Miss., Smith Co. As he grew up, Sullivan's Hollow could not hold him, so his parents moved him to Brandon. The characteristic of the McLaurin family has been handed down to Horace—The power to know every face he has ever seen and to make friends. "White" is his favorite—Color. Received preparation for college at Brandon High School and Bell-Buckle. Horace intends to study law and we expect soon to see him following in the footsteps of his Uncle Anse.

Chief Police on Athletic field, '08 to '11; Lyceum

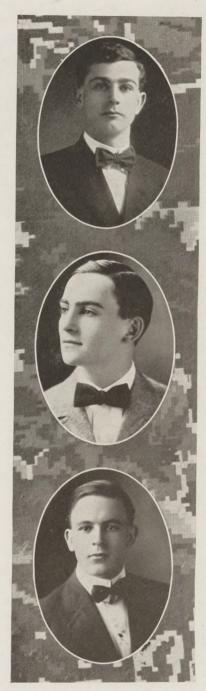
Committee, '10-'11.

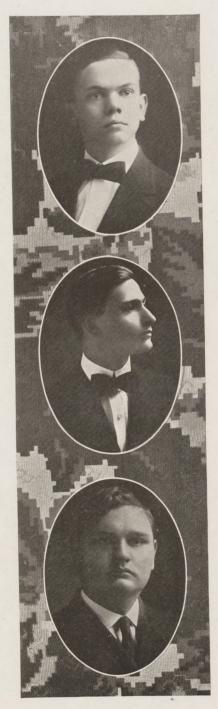
MONTGOMERY, M. B., B. A. Yazoo City, Miss. "Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages.

Malcolm made his debut at Pickens, Miss., June 26, 1891. He laid the foundation of his education at the Pickens High School, finding Pickens too small he moved to Yazoo City in 1899, and graduated from the Yazoo High School in 1908. Entered M. C. in the Fall of 1908, and has taken all the Greek and Latin as prescribed by Zeus and Ajax, and has seen all the good shows since that time. Is able to quote poetry by the yard, and would have made an eloquent speaker if his time had not been taken up with more important matters at the "Jiggitts House." Intends to study law and enter politics with "Reformation of the stage," as the principal plank in his platform.

Secretary Hermenians, '08-'09; Ath. Editor Mag., '09-'10; Class Prophet, '10-'11; Class and All Class

Football, '10-'11.





NOBLE, R. P., B. A.

Jackson, Miss.

"A fly sat on a chariot wheel and said: 'Behold what a dust I raise.'"

As the Sun rose in all its glory upon Fannin, Miss., on March 3, 1891, there was heard an infantile shriek, which reverberating through the quiet woods, announced the advent of one who was destined to shine resplendant in musical circles of this grand old institution of learning. This prodigy was of "Noble" birth. He received the rudiments of his education at Fannin and Jackson, with a slight touch applied at Miss. Heights. He is a living exemplification of the proverb that "A loud laugh bespeaks a vacant mind." His host of admirers continually stand agast at his extreme extravagance(????). "Doc" is a vertiable Titan in the tournament of Love. We predict for him success as a "Pearl-fisher," if he will persist in casting his net on the "Lee-ward" side.

Class Prophet, '07-'08; Secretary Philo's, '09-'10; Glee Club, 1891 to 1911; Bus. Mgr. Mag., '10-'11; Golf Club.

ODOM, H. T., B. S.

Enterprise, Miss.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."

In the historic old town of Enterprise on June 29, 1888, there was born one who is destined to take the Medical world by storm. H. Talbot got his early education in the High Schools of Enterprise and Bay Springs. Entered M. C. in '06, but dropped out at the end of his Sophomore year to impart some of his hard earned knowledge to the tousled headed youths of Kewanee. Entering school again in '09, he has continued to toil upward, while others slept. Now he graduates with distinction. Although he intends to study Medicine, from present indications, it seems likely he will turn his attention to truck farming, as carried on at Crystal Springs.

Class Prophet, '07-'08; Secretary and Treas. Class, '10-'11; Literary Editor L'Allegro, '10-'11; Pres. Doctor's Club.

RABORN, G. W., Ph. B.

Osyka, Miss.

"Where is the bottom, and where are the ends, and where is the other side."

George came forth upon this earthly sphere Oct. 28, 1888, six miles west of Osyka in Amite Co. He attended the rural schools of his County and spent one year in Osyka High School. Having great ambition and being a country boy, there was only one school for him to attend, so he came to M. C. in '06. Spent two years here, and his "little body" became so delicate until he decided to teach one year to get the experince and gain his weight back. In the Fall of '09 he came back to the fold again, and has been here ever since. His future—Teach rural schools during winter term and hold normals (for colored teachers) during summer.

Hermenian Sub-Marshal three times, '06-'07, '07'08, '10-'11; Local Editor Mag., '10-'11. Roommate of Sebulsky.

RAY, R. B., B. S.

Pontotoc, Miss.

"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."

In May 1889, the "Rays" of the Sun were gently warming the hills of North Miss. On the 31st, however, there was an abrupt change, and "Bobbie Burdet," the tiny son of the Rays, began to make it hot for the country around about Blue Mt. Jack, hasn't set the world on fire yet, but who knows but that soon he will drop into the lime-light of the major leagues, or more probably as Prof. of Physics may rain down from above the fire of Godbold. Jack received his elementary training in books as well as in athletics at Miss. Heights. He entered M. C. in '08 and has done four years work in three.

Class Football, '08-'09; 'Varsity Baseball, '09-'10-'11; Secretary Ath. Association, '11; Roommate of Ikey Barber, '11.

REEVES, C. H., Ph. B.

Ruth, Miss.

"You can get the man out of the country, but you can't get the country out of the man."

On the last day of Dec., 1886, one more pebble was found on the beach of Lincoln Co. It came as a New Year's gift and Carl it was named. His heart is as big as a ham, but one has to know him to find it out, for Carl is quiet and reserved. In order to rub the moss off this pebble, his parents sent him to M. C.. As a result of this decision, he was found standing on Clinton ground one evening delightfully seeking a footpath to the M. C. campus. He dropped out of school in '08, but came back the following session much improved and is now patiently awaiting to receive his sheep skin. He intends studying medicine, so in the future let every man keep his eyes open.

Secretary Hermenians, '11; Senior Football, '10-'11.

RUSSELL, Hilton, B. A.

Daniel, Miss.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

"Sporty" Russell came to M. C. from the "Free State of Rankin." He was born at Vergil, Miss., June 21, 1887. Received his college preparation at Rock Bluff High School under our Professor Roberts. Hilton is a sport and a ladies' man of no small degree, he has his license to "Butt in" wherever he chooses, as is shown by the "Buttons" he carries. Many times after returning from the white house on the corner, he found to his sorrow that the hospitable doors of Jennings Hall were open to him only by breaking the still hours of the night with the cry of "O Professor." A good student is Russel as is shown by his completing the three year's course in two.

Soph. Baseball, '09-'10; Daniel Club, '09-'10; Secretary Philos, '09-'10; Pres. Philos, '10-'11; Third Orator Philos, '10-'11; "Sport" all the time.





RUSSELL, R. H., B. A.

Durant, Miss.

"A Christian is the highest type of man."

Mr. Russell was a roommate of T. J. Latimer during his Junior year, and has been closely associated with him during his Senior. "We are a part of all we meet." Whether he received his inspiration from Jeff or whether he has been the source of Jeff's inspiration, is too great a problem to discuss in this space. His early school training was gotten at Yazoo City, and later he finished at Durant High School. Entered M. C. in '06, but was out during session of '08 and '09. He graduates in June with a good record. Will devote his life to the

winistry.
Vice-Pres. B. Y. P. U., '06-'07; Historian Junior Class, '07-'08; Critic Hermenians, '07-'08; Pres. Thelogs, '07-'08; '09-'10.

SEAB, W. C., Ph. B.

Roxie, Miss.

"My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure.

Although "See-Ab" has golden hair and blue eyes which show at once that he is of German decent, neverthe-less his "moral character" is of the finest type. Franklin County produced this "delusion" Aug. 18, 1891, and a follower of "Franklin's" he has been ever The Roxie and Little Springs High Schools equipped him for college. He entered M. C. in '07 and will be ready to battle with the weighty problems of life

after May 31.
Tennis Team, '08-'09; Mag. Staff, '09-'10; Tennis Championship, '09-'10; Secretary Theologs, '09-'10; Bar Association, '09-'11; Vice-Pres. and Treas., Philo's, '10-'11; Second Orator Philo's Anniversary, '10-'11;

Class Football, '10-'11.

SHOEMAKER, W. J., B. A. Bay Springs, Miss.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Two important events are recorded in Mississippi History as having taken place on Nov. 2, 1875. The Democrats were victorious for the first time since the Civil War and W. J. Shoemaker was born. He attended the Public Schools and began teaching in 1896. The voters of Jasper County elected him County Superintendent of Education in 1903. He took great pride in visiting his schools and most especially the one in which an attractive Blue Mountain girl, Miss Fannie Cook was teacher and not at all strange to say they were married long before his term as Supt. had expired. He taught one year in Bay Springs High School and was a dignified Prof. at Clark Memorial. He entered M. C. as Soph., '09, and has done three year's work in two.

He believes he can serve humanity best as teacher.
Pres. Hermenian's, '11; Married Men's Club; Sec.
State Normal Summer, '10; Nick-named Bro. Shoe-

SIMMONS, M. M., B. S.

Lake, Miss.

"And still be doing, never done."

Lakes bring forth fish, frogs, and snakes as a general rule, but one time in Sept. 1891, a Lake produced something more. It was "Punch." He acquired much learning at Lake High School before coming to M. C. Like Zed., he likes Math. and is destined to become a great civil engineer. He has an affectionate disposition, but was never able to win the esteem and confidence of the ladies that his "Sporty" brother has had for ages. It has been intimated by some that a good farmer was ruined when he came to college, nevertheless, we believe 'all will come out good in the end." Hermenien Sub- Marshall, '09-'10; Leight Weight

Football, '09; Roomed at Wells House.

SIMMONS, S. M., B. S.

Lake, Miss.

"Comparisons do oft times great grievances."

The old saving that you can never tell what a day will bring forth was recorded as a fact on May 16, 1890, when Stanley Simmons alias "Fool," came forth to bless the world. Although his appellation is "fool" he is by no means what is commonly meant by the term, quite the opposite and is known to all by the extreme friendliness of his nature and the congenial make up of his personality. After several hard and laborous years of toiling in the Lake High School and after encountering many severe storms on that ocean, which is known as "the Lover's sea," he entered M. C. The improve-ment has been great. His tastes have been elevated from the pleasure of observing chickens catch earth worms to observing the modern drama of the day.

Golf Club, '10-'11; Liars Club, '08-?; Class Sport. Expects to enter commercial world.

SINGLETARY, C., B. A. Hazlehurst, Miss. "I ne'er have felt the kiss of love, or maiden's hand in mine."

When the wise men of Copiah County were searching the December's heavens to see whether the potatoes should be planted in March or April, they noticed an unusual commotion among the stars. This was due to the birth of a child who was named Charles. Zacchaeus II first opened his baby eyes at Hazlehurst, Miss., Dec. 22nd, 1885—the shortest day of the year, which accounts for his being so short in stature. Now the baby grew wise in his own sight, so it was thought best to send him to the Crystal Springs High School where he graduated with first honors. Then he came to Miss. College where he has remained three years, completing the B. A. course with fifteen points extra, and graduates with distinction.

He is considered M. C's. greatest benefactor, having introduced the hook-worm treatment.

Member Brass Band; VicePres. Philos, '11; Mascot Senior Football Team, '11; Local Ed. Magazine, '10-'11. 'Stute Fiend. Will teach school as profession, beginning in the P. Islands. Herald Philo Anniversary, '10-'11.





STUART, R. E., B. A.

Newton, Miss.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Feb. 5, 1886, at Pulaski, Miss., it was heralded abroad that the misterous citizen, Robt. Ealie Stuart, had established headquarters with the Stuart family. This being a rainy year the youngster began at once to grow upwards, reaching past the six foot mark before maturity. The early years of his school life were spent in the Pulaski High School, and notwithstanding his bashfulness in the presence of the fair sex, during the early years of his life, he was attacked by the disease called love, without which he declares he could not live. Stuart entered Millsaps College in Sept., '07, remaining there two years. Dropped out in '09 and '10 and taught. Then the Fates directed him to the classic town of Clinton. He is a good student and graduates with distinction. Expects to devote his life to teaching.
Philo.; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '10-'11; Senior Football,

'10-'11.

SMITH, H., Ph. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"The deed I intend is great, but what as yet I know not."

Smith, Herman was born at Poplarville, Miss., Oct. 1890, and since that memorable day he has earnestly and assidously sought for knowledge in books and other-Entered M. C. as Senior Prep. when twelve years old, but dropped out three years. During the time he has attended he has acquired an astonishing amount of French, German and Bible. Now he is able to converse with the fair haired Dutch and the dark skinned Frenchman, and even argues with Dr. Sproles on Biblical questions. His only known weakness is to use as many big words as possible, and he is now running Prof. Wallace a close second in trying to use an entire "Web-Is seriously contemplating going to ster" all the time. the Foreign field.

'Varsity Football, '07-'08, '10-'11; Tennis Team, '07-'08; Mgr. Senior Football, '10-'11; Mgr. Senior Baseball, '10-'11.

STANDIFER, L. C., B. S.

Clinton, Miss.

"Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself."

"Shack' has been a shining light in college circles since birth, being born in Oxford, Miss., Sept. 27, 1889. He attended the schools of that place and graduated in 1905. Moving to Gufport he took a very active part in the management of the G. & S. I. Railroad, working in the accounting department until 1908 when he entered M. C., as Freshman. During the three years he has been in college he has completed the four year's course and will graaudte with distinction, a full-fledged B. S. man. Moreover, he is greatly addicted to Math. and the love he has for Zed is something almost divine. He expects to be a Civil Engineer, but before settling down to his life's work he has a burning desire to manage the "Cubs," at least one year.

Class Football, '09-'10, '10-'11; Light Weight Football, '09-'10; Class Baseball, '09-'10; Hermenian Vice-Pres., '10; Exchange Editor Mag., '10-'11.

STANLEY, J. R., B. A.

Booneville, Miss.

"His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth."

Roger is the quietest fellow in the Class of '11. that is nothing uncommon, for since that auspicious occassion, Nov. 28, 1891, he has never been known to give trouble or say hard things to anyone. He graduated from Boonville High School in '07 and came to M. C. in the Fall of that year. He is a good student and as quarter-back on 'Varsity Football this year, directed his men like a general marshalling his troops. It is not known what he intends to do in the future, but if he continues in the same course he has followed while in college, we can truthfully say, he is certain to succeed.
Light Weight Football, '08-'09; Capt. Light Weight
Football, '09-'10; Class Football, '09-'10; Track Team,
'09-'10; 'Varsity Football, '10-'11; Capt. Track Team,

'10-'11.

STAPLETON, H. C., Ph. B. Hattiesburg, Miss.

"Love illumes the realms of night!"

The balmy breezes of Greenwood, Fla., welcomed "Cott" Sept. 12, 1888. He spent eleven years in Fla. and Southern Ala., after which his parents came to "Ole Miss." Hattiesburg High School gave him his early training. In the fall of 1905, he came here and spent two years, then dropped out until the latter part '07 and '08; out again '08 and '09. He came back '09, and expects to get his "finish" in June. "Cott" is a jolly good fellow and has a host of friends. This is due in part to the fact that he is so loyal to M. C.'s athletics. As a baseball player "Cott" has few equals in college ball, and his timely rooting and star playing have

made M. C. fans rejoice more than once.

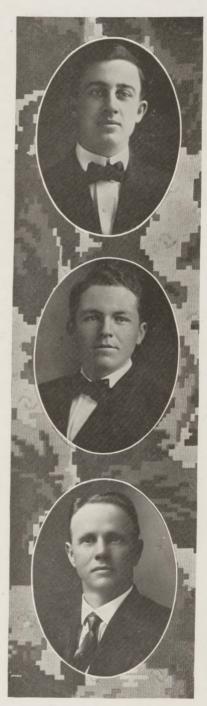
'Varsity Baseball, '06-'07-'08-'10-'11; Capt. 'Varsity Baseball, '07; Soph.-Fresh. Football, '06, also Mgr. of same; Jr. Football, '09; Vice-Pres. of Class of '11; Miss. College Chess Club. Bull Dog Club. In love.

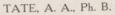
SUMMERS, T. E., Ph. B.

Clinton, Miss.

"For he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away."

This son of Lincoln first saw the light of day on a bleak morn of Feb., 1875, at Fair River, Miss. His early training was received in the schools of Lincoln County and on his father's farm. Being a man of very emmotional nature, he soon fell a victim to the darts of Cupid and at the age of 22 led Miss Reeves to the altar as his bride. This happy union of eight years was broken by the Reaper, Death. Later in life our friend chose the ministry, as his calling and seeing the need of a 2nd help-mate, borrowed an attractive young lady from our sister institution. May he make the best of his noble calling and win many souls.





Clinton, Miss.

"Mine's not an idle cause."

The subject of this sketch is a prohibitionist by birth, having first seen the light among the iron clad hills of Northern Alabama in Cleyburn County, to be more definite in the burg of Heflin, on Feb. 24, 1888. "Augustus Alphonso," when quite a child, moved with his parents to Miss. where he tilled the soil and dreamed of being a silver-tongued orator. He got his early training in Longtown Public School and entered M. C. in the Fall of '09, his parents moving to Clinton the following year. Since entering he has quietly and persistantly forged ahead and at Commencement, will see his dreams materalize in the shape of a diploma. We expect great things of "Gus" in whatever field he may decide to work and are sure we will not be disappointed. Hermenian Third Orator, '11.

WEBB, T. B., B. A.

Florence, Miss.

"Love spends his all and still has store."

Great things have happened and are still happening, as is shown by this "sketch." Finding something to say about him is an easy task, but how are we to put it in suitable words? Thompson made his appearance on April 13, 1886, at Monterey, in Rankin Co. Webb attended school at Briar Hill and Steens Creek High schools receiving a "Dip" from the latter. He entered M. C. in the fall of '07, but dropped out the following year to teach. He is somewhat of a athlete having made class Football, '09-'10-'11, also scrub Football, '10-'11. Webb is an all round ladies' man as any of the Normal girls will tell you. He also "shines" as a tenor in church choir. He has worked his way while at College, and we expect to hear from him in his chosen profession—teaching.

WILLIAMS, P. F., B. S.

Florence, Miss.

"A man's a man for ah that."

Peter the Great! Destined to be the man of the Nation. He began his career "twelve pounds to the good," Jan. 16, 1889, at Monterey, Miss. As a boy he chased around the farm and grew in stature and wisdom, and in favor—with some people. At Briar Hill High School he was "scratched," or he "scratched" until he made a good foundation for College life and other expensive sports. He entered this "Grand old Institution" in the fall of '05, but was forced to leave on account of his eyes. He re-entered in the spring of '09. He deserves credit for having risen from the ranks of the "Red-neck Rankin County-ites" to the highest office in the gift of the Senior class.

Pres. Senior Class; Distinction; Philo Society, Sec., '09-'10; Philo Vice-Pres., '10-'11; Art Ed. L'Allegro, '10-'11; Senior Football. The Cartoonists of National papers will mark his progress in future years.

YERGER, Campbell, B. A.

Jackson, Miss.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

I know you think this little boy is cute. He is J. A. P. C. Yerger from Jackson. The mystery about him is that he never fails to make good in his studies holding such a winning hand with so many girls. "I 'spec I'll study law or something, I don't care—Tho' which." Prepared for college at Jackson High School and Millsaps. Entered M. C., '07. Chief Marshall Hermenian Society, '09-'10; Track Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Senior Football, '10-'11. Distinction.



Rather Queer

When first I grew to youth's estate,
And turned my thoughts to love,
I thought that all I had to do,
My simple claims to prove,
Was say the word and she would fall
Into my arms at once.
I did not know that she was wise,
And I a pretty dunce.
Away I hied me to resort,
Where bubbling waters bring
The summer girls of every type,
To drink from healing spring.

When first I saw her summer hat,
With trembling ostrich plumes,
And little curls upon her neck,
Like thickly clustered blooms,
And arms pure white and wrists to match,
Also her lips so round,
I did not care about her eyes,
Or blue or hazed found.
The moment I looked on her face,
My only thought was this—
Those lips were made for nothing else,
Except for me to kiss.

Then I was young and did not know
How vague the dreams of youth;
I did not know that ruby lips
Rejected touch uncouth.
I thought I only had to choose,
And "yes and thankee, too"
Would be the end of all my quest,
And she'd be mine so true.
Alack! alas! what did I find,
When I would just one sip
Of nectar pure of distilled sweet,
From off her rosy lip?

Twas simply this—she had a will—And so she found a way,
And soon she made it far too hot,
For me to longer stay.
I begged her pardon, then and there,
And quickly dropped her hand,
I left my lady love alone—
I think a wiser man—
If you would ask of me advice,
How best to choose a wife,
Best let her choose, and in this way,
Avoid all cause of strife.

Senior History

NE great writer has told us, "History is a narrative of past events," but, of course, it would be useless to think of relating all the great things that have been accomplished by the Class of 1911, in the last four years; it should be rather a summary.

In the Autumn of 1907-08, a rather large aggregation of burly, jolly fellows assembled in the town of Clinton. After Consultations and conferences with "Spot," "Zeus," "Dutchy," "Ajax" and others, they were assigned to the Freshman Class. When this session of hard study was ended, during which time, they captured the championship in football and baseball, these wearers of the blue and green were ready for the year of wisdom. During the Sophomore year, the Class roll was somewhat enlarged. Some men who had dropped out a year returned and joined the Class, while others who were coming for the first time were admitted to the Class. In the latter category was Blankenship who has played his role in Athletics. As in the previous year, they won the Class championship in baseball and football. When these men embarked upon their Junior year, new interest and enthusiasm was manifested. By this time they had learned the crooks and turns of college life, and appreciated the fact that the goal towards which they had set out was not so far distant. It was during this year that the Class was blessed by the addition of a fine and generous fellow, a former student of Millsaps College, in the personnel of R. E. Stuart.

When the fraternity of '11 reached Seniordom they were neither dismayed nor troubled because of "swell heads." The fact of the business, their heads are composed of gray matter and not pop-corn. They have gained the name of a "Preppy Bunch" of Seniors. While this may be true according to the common use of the word, they are well supplied with dignity and manliness. These men are noted for their gayety and merriment. They do not hold to the doctrine of egotism, but are strict altruists, believing that their welfare is best advanced by working for others. And while they fall far short of the moral law, still they heartily sanction the Commandment which says, "Thou shalt not

trespass."

The Class has become distinguished not only for their jovial temperament, but also for their literary talent. For the past three years this has been clearly demonstrated, and these productions will substantiate this statement. They have also shown that they are orators, however, they do not believe in oratory which rises upon the wings of fancy and decends upon papa's wood pile. Their conception of oratory is saying something.

Far from being devoted to study altogether, they are ardent admirers of athletics. Not only have they won laurels for the college and themselves on the field of sport, but they have supported this special phase of college life with their money. While they do not boast of what they have done, the writer believes that had it not been for these true sovereigns of duty, the condition of Athletics would not be on as firm basis as at present.

Having enumerated a few characteristics of these men and what they have done partially, which may perhaps aid the public in forming a correct opinion of them, the

writer will say "Lebewohl."

Senior Prophesy

NHEN I began to realize the great responsibility which had fallen upon me in casting a mold which might perhaps fit the class of '11, a terrible ague seized me and I became scarcely able to stand upon my feet. I began to consider what might be the future of such a class as had enrolled such a famous history as this one, who had gone back and dwelt with the Romans

and the other Ancients, and had rehearsed with the old dramatists, their tragedies in the Colliseum, who have lived with the Alchemists and have formulated the laws which have puzzled the ages-What then might be the future of this class? Can a poor human be gifted with such a prophetic mind that he can grasp the future greatness of the Class of '11? Surely not, but in the pursuit of folly we collect much wisdom. It is the characteristics of the human race to make plans and observations which come true in the future. All our plans are laid, and, as we sit by awaiting the resultant of our dreams, Lo, a great storm lowers upon us and the bolts of thunder and the lightning smites the earth and completly changes its surface. Where there used to be vacant fields and barren hill sides, now stand lofty buildings with their domes even piercing the skies. All is bustling and the aeroplanes whiz swiftly through the air, the world has changed and it is not the world

of twenty years ago.

Recovering from the shock, I begin to look about, and, much to my delight, find that no longer must I record what is to happen in the future, but may turn back and merely write up the past. It is truly hard labor, as so much has happened. In order to do this I decide to move to New York city, the center of the business world, where I might get in touch with the vast industries and commercial transactions which have been set on foot by my class. As I stand at the station awaiting the train, a newsboy hails me, and immediately at glancing at the paper I see where the great corporation lawyer firm of Lee & Hardy have gained their case and won for the Standard Oil Co., the right to appoint four senators to the U. S. Senate. surprised at the change of my old school mates' minds, but immediately remembered the saying of my old Latin Professor, "As the time changes, so do the passions." The train pulls in and I get on board and find "Turkey" Reeves as conductor. We begin to talk over old times at college, and "Turkey" tells me that Chas. Singletary is now "Butch" on another train on his run and "Fool" Simmons is President of the road and has built a large Chapter House at Clinton. On my arrival in Washington, I take a stop over and go to see if perhaps any of my school mates have cast their lot in the arranging of Governmental affairs. As I stroll up the street I recognize a familiar face, and on speaking, find it is my old friend Stuart, who has grown quite thick and has taken on quite a He tells me that he is now married and is in the city, interested in a bill that is to retain the manufacturing of spiritous liquors, in which he is now engaged. He informs me that he has engaged as laborers in his distillery Geo. Raborn and Blassingame, and as labourers on his farm Campbell Yerger and "Shack" Standifer. On going to the State House I find that there has just been passed a bill restraining the great monopoly in merchandise, which has been built up by the Collier-Kirkland Co., and find as a defender of the monopoly Carl Lassiter who is a Representative from the Mormon State.

I now catch the train for New York and on my arrival find that my old friend "Pete" Williams has just been injured in an aeroplane accident in an endeavor to take Chadwick on a joy ride. I find out that "Pete" now has Chadwick on the road, displaying him as the fattest man in the world. Both have become enormously wealthy at this business. I find here upon investigation that by squatter sovereignty Smith has

gained control of all the seas, and each transient ship pays him tribute, and all the fisheries are his personal property. I find Stapleton as live millionaire manager of the New York Giants, and enjoying married life with the essence of blissfulness. While engaged in all these pleasant news items I received this wireless, "Come to Lake at once, want you for my best man. To be married next Tuesday." "Punch" Simmons. The joy of this idea was beyond expression and I would have celebrated it had it not been for another wireless which read, "Come home at once, our peanut parcher broke last night and our business is ruined."

Your partner, "Dock" Noble."

I returned home and rendered this as the diary of my trip as well as the prophecy of my Class.

—CLASS PROPHET.

Senior Poem THE TWO VOICES

Come, thou muse, I do beseech thee, I'm in trouble, come and help me. Got to write that Senior poem Or the Staff will have me goin', Done an' warned me twenty times I mus' 'range my little rhymes, Say they got to have 'em, too, Ere this fortnight passes through.

So, good muse, I do intreat thee,
See my trouble? Come and help me.
All I want is inspiration;
Give me that an' all the nation,
Full of Staffs for aught I care,
Need not try this bard to scare—
Epic, lyric, or erotic
Makes no odds so it's poetic.

Now, sweet muse, I do implore thee, In my trouble, come and help me, Make my mood so sentimental That my words may instrumental Be in breaking forth my knowledge Of sublimnity in College.

Let that sweet poetic vision Fill my soul with wild derision.

Yes, I hear my muse a comin'
An' that Senior poem a hummin'.
So I fix my heart for coaching
While the muse is now approaching.
"How goes, sweet bard," said she to me,
"Wish you to write some poetry?"
"Yes," said I, "for Senior Class."
"Give me your heart—now make the pass."

In my ear it kept a ringing
Like a doleful song a singing,
Like a poison'd dart a stinging
"All is o'er, all is o'er,"
"What?" I cried, in agitation,
"What can be the explanation?"
Still the awful cogitation—
"All is o'er, all is o'er."

"All is o'er!" said I excited,
With my heart and mind affrighted;
And my hopes were all but blighted,
"What is o'er? what is o'er?"
Then the evil spirit muttered
As again the woe he uttered,
While my heart within me fluttered,
"All is o'er? all is o'er?"

Now my spirit fell a fainting, When my mind began a painting Of the hopes this woe was tainting, "All is o'er? all is o'er?" All those bright and fond ambitions? All those coveted positions? All the future's glad fruitions? "All is o'er? all is o'er?

Quoth again the spirit musing, As he saw my wits confusing O'er refrain which he was using, "This is o'er, this is o'er." All your prepping and your yelling, All "reception tickets" selling, All your college ditties swelling, "This is o'er, this is o'er."

"All your chapel speeches hearing, All examinations fearing, All your sporty class pins wearing, "This is o'er, this is o'er." All your joking and your "easing," All your ragging and your teasing, All your kind Professors pleasing(?), "This is o'er, this is o'er."

"All your happy Stute line gazing,
All your lower classmen hazing,
All your "Dutchie's" cane a raising—
"This is o'er, this is o'er."
Mournful thought—these separations
From our school-day preparations,
From our College recreations—
These no more?

Then again there came a tapping, At my heart's door gently rapping, To awake me from my napping—"Just begun, just begun."
This, a voice with much persuasion, Spake with firmness—no evasion On this solemn, dread occasion, "Just begun, just begun."

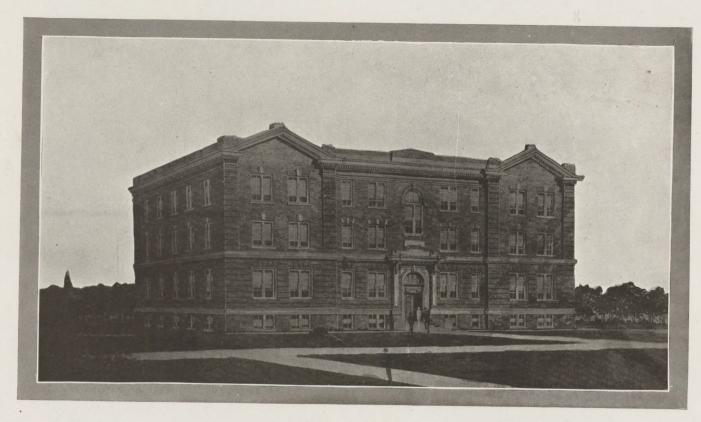
"What begun?" breathed I in wonder, And the thought my heart did ponder, Till my soul was rent asunder, "What begun? what begun?" Then in silent dread I waited, For the answer now belated, Then the spirit calmly stated, "Life begun, life begun."

Put away your childish prattle, For on life's broad field of battle, 'Mid the din and roar and rattle Of the fight now begun, Men are needed in the fighting, Strong and brave for the smiting Of the foes—the wrongs arighting. This begun, this begun.

Seniors, hear the proclamation, "What so e're your life's vocation, There is no emancipation From a fight." So now begin, With a life of humble serving, In your duty never swerving, You shall win, your crown deserving In the life just begun.

-CLASS POET.

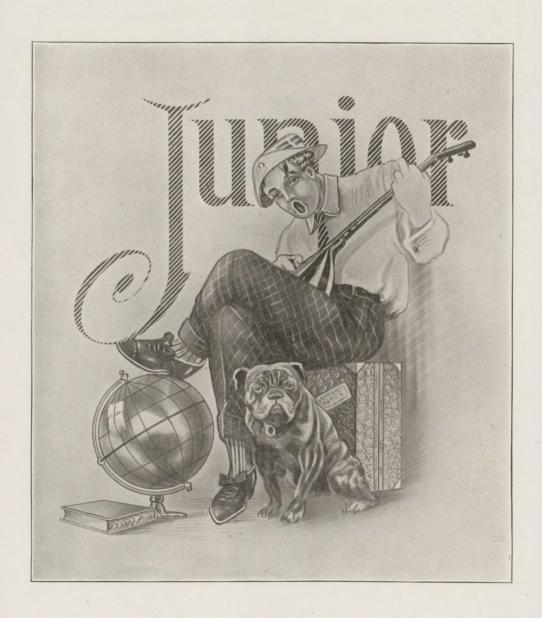




SCIENCE BUILDING.



JENNINGS HALL AND CHAPEL BUILDING.



Junior Class Officers

T. L. Sasser					President
C. S. Posey					-President
O. P. Estes .				Secreta	Treasurer
W. O. Beaty					Historian
Horace Russell					
C. H. Bass					Prophet

Motto: "Esse quam videri"

Colors: Crimson and Light Blue

Junior History

HE record of the Junior Class is indeed an excellent one. There is no one who would speak aught against the Class. For three years our path has been a pleasant one and harmony has reigned continually. No cloudy night has over shadowed our way, but on the contrary incessant sunshine has predominated.

Intellectually, commendable ability has been proved. Search the magazines, examine the thrilling stories and essays, then you are readily convinced of this fact. Some real pictures of life have been printed on the pages. The musical lines of our poets rank among the things that are immortal in college life. The masses of text books belong to this band. By their untiring efforts they have won the love and admiration of the professors. They have listened to their instructions and have accepted that which is the basis of manhood.

On the rostrum our silver tongued orators have won no little fame. Their manly voices have calmed the masses and led them into dreams. Attentively have we heard them discuss the vital subjects of college life. Their discources have presented solutions for many evils which hitherto confronted us. Our vocalists have captured their audiences with fair, sweet melodies. They have filled the nights with music and made merry our hearts. We are justly proud of our record in athletics. The spectator has watched the Junior with interest as he plunged through the lines of the opposing eleven. The 'Varsity has always complimented the Class by yearly choosing a goodly number of our men. Admirably have these Juniors represented the Blue and Gold in inter-collegiate games. Last year at the inter-collegiate contest three gold medals and a silver one were captured by our members. They have fought faithfully for class championship in various contests.

Not one black sheep has been found among us. Character building has been given special stress. Over flowing streams of love have been offered to one another. All the more do we praise the homes of our land for sending men whose characters have reflected so nobly upon their mothers. In the trying battles of college life a clear conscience has guided all. We have realized that "A good conscience is the best looking glass of heaven." We have strengthened one another by blending our lives. The advantages of pure championship have we seized, thereby enriching our lives. We have met and communed with the all-wise Ruler, striving to follow and lead others into a pure, sunny, and everlasting path.

Brevity will not permit me to give the record of each individual. Basing his dreams upon the past, the prophet may easily picture a beautiful journey for the members of the Class of '12.

Junior Poem

The Spring has come, the fleeting session past, One year of happy College life has flown; Our glorious Freshman year, which we then classed The time of wisdom's acme, now had gone Into the yesteryear, as Springtime's blast, When Summer comes doth join the great unknown. But now the Freshman's state is not ideal to me, For he both fresh and verdant seems to be.

Again the Spring time came, a session o'er, When this triumphant College year had sped Away, aloud we wept for laurels more To win. Longed we for days like those just fled. Thus wept, thus felt, thus thought the Sophomore. Howe'er we find in musing on the things just said That we, as pictured by ourselves, Good Sir, Appeared far greater than we really were.

Today I looked upon a Senior grand,
With lordly step and philosophic air,
From star to star the distance he has spanned;
Rare Wisdom's look this courtly sage doth wear;
A nation's needs no one, as he, can understand.
As I beheld this type of manhood rare,
A bit of disappointment in me grew,—
He 'peared too much elated o'er the things he knew.

Said I: Is there no class in which we find
The freshman's humble mein with out his density;
The Soph's bright hopes without his mind
Inflated quite unto immensity;
The Senior's strength united to a kind
Of mild reserve and no propensity
To ostentatiously display his worth—
To send his bugle blasts around the earth?

We find all these rare qualities sublime
In what we term our Juniors. This rare class
In days of strenuous toil or sporting time,
The favor of the "Prof" or bonnie lass
Provokes. No gifted, lauded son of rhyme
Can e'er depict the Juniors as they pass
From strength to strength, from height to height, to own
An everlasting place on Merit's throne.

Junior Prophesy



evening twilight I lay a dreaming, of bygone years, when with throbs of joy my heart beat strong for victories won, when hundreds shouted for teams that could not lose under fellow-student's eyes. Weary I was from a hard day's work on M. C.'s field; and, alas, on the sheet that before me lay—the Coach's list of the 'Varsity, just received—my name nowhere

Then to ease my pain, I took from off the highest shelf against my wall a sacred volume that hath the magic power to scatter cares and soothe the tired mind that has borne its burdens through the weary day—'twas L'Allegro of my Freshman year. As I slowly turned its pages, fond memory unrolled before me her scroll, and I lived again those Freshman days; saw faces now from among us gone, Juniors and Seniors, manly visaged, strong. Me thought I heard their voices once more, as once in thrilling tones they rang from the rostrum of the chapel in the contests for the medals. orators now," I said, "like these," and as I turned the pages that pictured the teams that in those days guarded the Blue and Gold, I sadly shook my head. "We have no teams now like these, I said, and again I turned the pages, and before me lay the pictures of that Freshman band. Some there were of whom all I knew was written on memory's scroll—they had left us; but others, with us still, we know as friends tried and found true. "Can our class now measure up to the Juniors and Seniors of those days," I asked. It does not seem as if we are as mighty men as they were then, or our deeds as wonderful. But what, I wonder, will be our lives, when we hence have gone? Will we press forward until our highest hopes are realized, or will we find ourselves insufficiently equipped, unequal to the tasks required of leaders in this new world of thought and action? Down I laid the book and pondered.

While thus I mused upon these college men, and upon the life to come, there fell over all a stillness, as of the mid-night hour, and there came over me an awe as if something Still I lay, and wondered what it all should mean, when suddenly strange portended. there stood before me a white robed form, as blithe and graceful of figure as a goddess of old. Silent she moved as the shadows that darkened the landscape without. Above her noble brow, a chaplet bound her golden hair into a crown that would have graced the fairest queen. Then from the snow white folds that from her graceful shoulders draped, she raised an arm as graceful and as fair as ever Greecian sculptor carved, and placed her gentle hand upon my brow. Her hand itself I seemed not to feel, but its magic power cooled my brow and soothed my weary brain as the hand of a mother soothes a restless child. "Speak not," she said, "But hear."
"Seest thou this grassy slope, these mighty oaks that spread above it their leafy tops,

these buildings now lighted by the last dying glow of yon western sky? Upon this campus, among and above these mighty oaks, thou wilst some day see standing the most splendid array of college buildings ever seen in this Southland. Athletes then shall Mississippi send to win the trophies at the Olympic games. But dost thou brood over these Junior men, or imagine them not so strong as others who have gone before? Then let not your courage fail, nor fear that they will fall behind the leaders in life's great race. For couldst thou see in the great buildings here to stand, thou wouldst find, helping to direct the work of this great college, men who were trained in the class of 1912, Think not that the men of '12 are less mighty than those of the classes that have gone before. You were younger then, and brighter were the fancies that glowed in your boyish mind. You knew not then the annoying care of this later day; let not these discourage you. Look now at this picture I have for thee."

I looked beyond her to where her white arm upraised pointed to a scene I had never before beheld; for, lo, there spread out beyond my wall, as far as eye could see the most wonderful panaroma my eyes had ever seen. The whole earth, it seemed, before me lay;

its rivers and its mountains, its plains and its cities.

"Seest thou this great, wide world before thee lie? Knowst thou that in the midst of its life and at its work shall toil the class of '12, strengthening hearts, guiding minds and toiling hands, and of its life and work, theirs shall be a notable part? Seest thou those bridges and canals, those cities, those factories and scientific farms? Know thou that the men of the Junior class shall have an enviable part in their direction and development. And others names shall be written high among those who help unravel the economic problems that have begun, in this commercial age to wind themselves like tangled threads about the political and industrial life of the nation, and we are with them a warp of wise laws, to form the most wonderful fabric of government earth has even known. Others still, bearing the Message of the Ruler of men, shall go about working down deeper, yet in the hearts of the race; they shall carry the Universal Remedy that heals all the hidden and private ills of society, that are the cause of all earth's troubles and strifes."

"O Prophetic Muse," I said, "canst thou a token leave me, of the verity of these things, that when despair my courage drives away, I may with this token woo it back

again?

"Thou imaginest me the Muse of Prophecy," she said, "but I am not she. The Muses lived for ancient minds, to inspire them to deeds divine; but they long ago have passed, with the minds by which they were conceived." "Look upon me."

As I looked, her figure glowed as with a soft hidden light illumined. Her face, no longer dim in the twilight, I beheld, noble and strong as it first appeared, yet gentler far and sweeter than I had at first perceived, the perfection of all the girlish beauty I have And her voice seemed to mellow into the music of many girlish voices ever dreamed.

blended in perfect harmony into one.

"I am not the Spirit of a life that has passed away, but the spirit of the life that lives today. I am the spirit of the maidens that await you, when you shall go hence into the world of action, and these that you have seen are our girlish dreams, the things our hopes have conceived for you, the things our faith has decreed for you. 'Tis Faith that createth action, and Hope is the child that cheers her toils. These are the things our hope has conceived, and your faith shall press onward these things to achieve. Our faith in you shall be your strength and our hopes for you, your inspiration; bear this message to your classmen then that they with courage press on to overcome the obstacles that in their pathway lie."

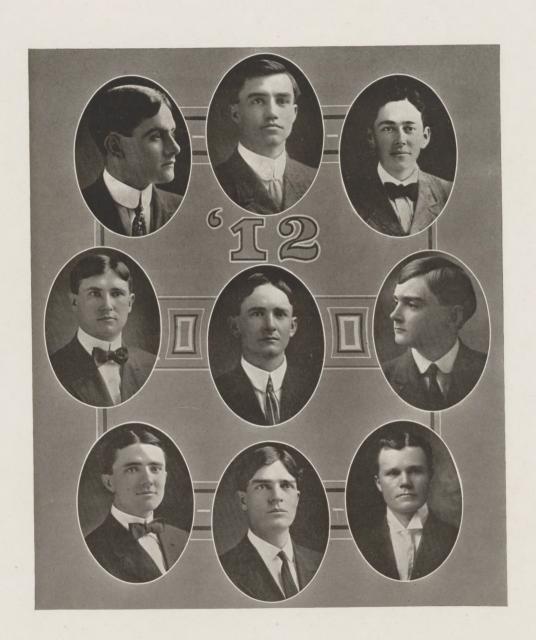
And as she finished, her form grew brighter still. "O gentle Spirit, stay," I said, and reached out my arm her hand to grasp; but, alas, she was gone, and my hand, dropping to the floor, caught the weight of my overhanging body-and I awoke. The room was empty, save for myself, and the only light was the moon beams that fell upon "A dream," I asked. Then I looked outside; but naught I saw, save the silent oaks upon the campus, the overhanging moon and the stars looking down like a

thousand watching eyes.

"A dream?" I repeated. "No, 'twas more than a dream; for, though I slept, 'twas the voice of those who wait, and anxiously watch to see whether we shall take our part in solving this old world's problems and bearing the burdens of humanity.'

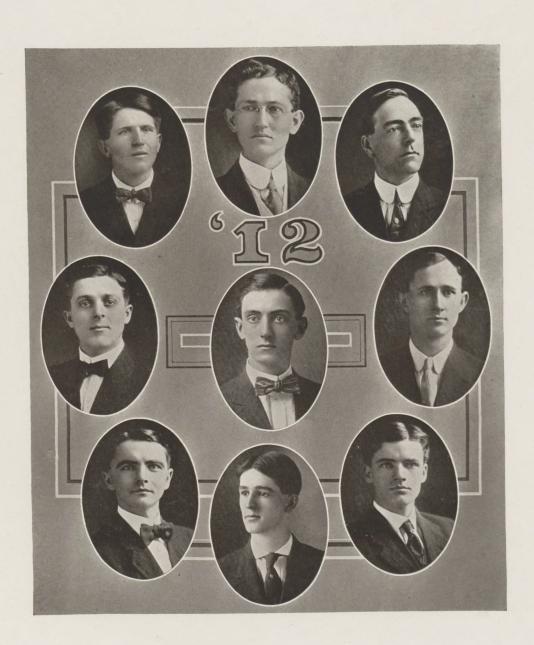
Upon my knees I dropped.

"O God," I prayed, "help us Junior men, that we may grow strong through the tasks well done while here in school. Then may we, with courage born of willing minds and hearts of faith, undaunted by the obstacles that oppose, press bravely onward, our highest duties to fulfill."



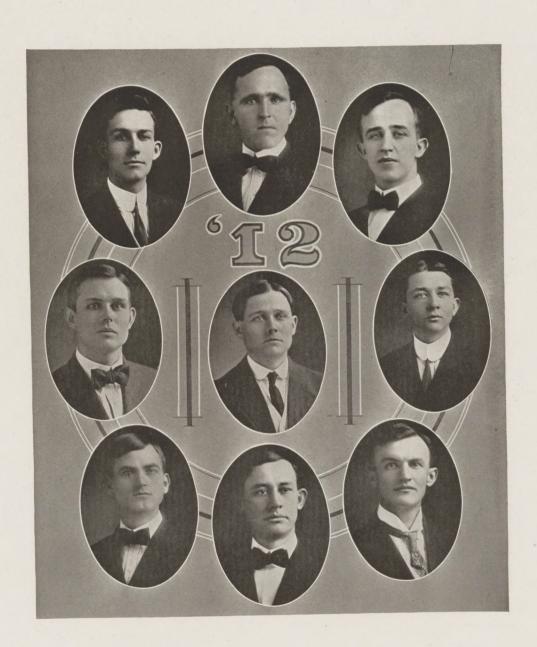
Junior Class Roll

Ballard, Douglas						F	Hattiesburg
Bass, C. E							
Beaty, W. O.						Blue	Mountain
Mayhall, N. G							Gloster
Middleton, T. A.			٠.				Caseyville
Parker, J. C							Clinton
Porter, H. E							Winona
Russell, Horace .							
Posey, Claude .						Si	lver Creek



Junior Class Roll

Brent, J. C.				S	ilver Creek
Dale, D. W.					Prentiss
Dees, R. E.				Cry	stal Springs
Ellzey, L. R					Wesson
Everett, R. A.					Braxton
Estes, O. P					Clinton
Martin, R. E.					Bentonia
Martin, G					Daniel
Lambert, W. T.					Monticello



Junior Class Roll

Fortenberry, W.	E.								McGowen
Grantham .									Collins
Jennings, D. B.									Greenwood
Lewis, E. M.		. /							Clinton
Harris, M. R.									Cascilla
Sasser, T. L.									Brookhaven
Stanley, J. C.									Booneville
Willoughby, C.	M.								McComb
Young, L. D.									Philadelphia



Campus Scenes

SOPHOMORES



Class Officers

A. S. Johnston									President
L. D. Hall .	•		•						-President
R. W. Howell		•				Secr	etary	and	Treasurer
S. G. Thigpen	·								Historian
C. S. Miley									Poet
C. A. Voyles					. 7				Prophet

Colors: Blue and White

Motto: "Good and handsome enough"

Sophomore Dream

Upon the mountain's dizzy brow I dreamed of things galore; And in my heart there lingers now The dream of Sophomore.

There when a picture wondrous fair Appeared in depths below, I stood in awe and waited there To see, to hear, to know—

I saw the world that is to be,
Of future years untold;
Compared it with the world I see—
A marvel to behold.

I had seen the nations praying
To a God, of burnished gold,
And the thoughtless masses swaying
To a falsehood, bald and bold.

I had seen the right defeated
By the briber's slimy grace,
And the specious liar seated
High in Honor's sacred place.

I had heard of Justice scouted, And her ruling set at naught, Till at times my soul had doubted Of the truths my conscience taught.

Now I felt the earthquake pulsing Under Error's sordid crust, Saw it burst to earth, convulsing Mammon's alter to the dust. And I felt the thrill vibrating
Through mankind's reviving soul;
Saw the larger hope awaiting,
Heard the conflict's thunder roll.

And I saw Aurora beaming

Γhrough the morning mists of gray,
And the blessed sunlight streaming

On a happier, brighter day.

'Twas the day when Soph'more leaders Shall the scepter's power wield, For in Virtue's cause they're pleaders, And of Virtue's fruit they yield.

This Aurora of the morning, In her saffron glory dressed, Proved to be the Soph'more dawning, Giving light to all the rest.

—CLASS POET.

Had I a thousand lives to live, Had I a thousand crowns to give, Ships of treasure, much fine gold, Stores of silver, wealth untold— I'd give it all without a sigh, Nor grieve to have it all slip by, Could it but buy one jewel rare A golden ringlet of your hair.

—J. G. C.



Sophomore History



N September, 1909, it seems that by some preconcerted plan or mystic understanding, the parents and guardians over the State decided to send to Mississippi College those among their sons who were the most brilliant, the most likable, in otherwords those who were the best all round fellows, that they might be in the class of 1913. They knew that Mississippi College

would have to have a graduating class that year, so in all probability they wished to place their most favored sons in the unlucky '13 class, so that they would not so far out shine their less favored brethren of the other classes. What might our history not have But 'tis enough as it is, for been were 1913 any other year out of the whole hundred.

it could have been more and worse.

After getting ourselves comfortably settled in our new abodes, we set out armed to the teeth with certificates of deportment and of work done to see the professors and talk them into entering us as Freshmen-which they finally did, though some of them having been duped by Freshmen of other years, thought that we too were placed to high by our certificates. Suffice it to say though that our class as a whole has made good as the average of its members will attest. The Freshman year was spent as the first year usually is, that is in wearing off the green and becoming initiated in college life. A few lost courage and left. The rest of us often became discouraged, but stuck it out and left for home with some regret and with the full intention of returning this session. Though most of our men returned, sorry to say, some did not, but we have a good number of new ones to fill their places. We all went eagerly to work to make new and better records. We can look backward to those first few weeks as Sophomores as the happiest of our college career so far. And what a contrast to those that came on a few weeks afterwards! It seems as if they were the dullest that we have ever known, all the novelty of the Freshman year was gone, and we had no longer the feeling that constant expectation of something to happen causes. It took us some time to place ourselves and realize that the "Breaking in" process was over. Of our importance and superiority, we have never been in doubt. Many reasons could be given for this assertion, just to prove it, every man in the class has been told so by at least one different "Stute."

In all the student organizations, athletic and others, we have done our full share. In the literary societies our men have been especially prominent. On all 'Varsity teams first year, but this year we have what we consider the best claim to the class championship.

-HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Prophesy



E have been here two years. They have been years of pleasure, toil and progress. We have had many bumps and knocks, but the "green" coating of the Freshman has been scraped off and the egotism of our ignorance has been in a large measure destroyed. We have put off our Collegiate swaddling-clothes and are growing rapidly into stalwart, capable men of whom

Mississippi College shall be proud. We trust we are not egotistical nor even day dreamers. We believe we can make the world better because we live in it, and we are

putting our entire strength into that effort.

Prophecies are such common place things. People get bored reading only the beautiful things of the future. The Sophomores do not blame them, neither do we claim that every day of our lives shall be one of sunshine, nor that that every sea shall be a calm one; but we do maintain that our men shall be men, men who can wait smilingly during the cloudy days, and bail water patiently from their boats when sailing the stormy seas. We are men of determination and shall use our obstacles as stepping stones to higher things. Our past record urges us on to new fields of service, with confidence in our ability to accomplish that which we shall undertake.

But we are not waiting for '13 before we shall begin to make ourselves useful. We are going to do what our hands need to do this year, the succeeding one and through life. It is hoped that we will find grace and obtain help to avoid the sin of procrastination. Our ambition, and we believe it is a righteous desire, prompts us to furnish the best Senior class in the history of the College, in '13. We can do this because we have some of the most brilliant students, the most promising athletes, the most eloquent speakers in the College, considering our experience. We detest the braggart, but in all modesty, we repeat, we shall bring to pass the deeds to substantiate the words of this prophecy.

It has grown a worn out custom to make every College graduate a lawyer, a doctor, or a preacher. We do not under value in the least these noble and exalted professions, but we simply raise the other callings to their rightful inheritance when we declare that many of us shall till the soil intelligently, and in this way assist our beloved South-land to re-adorn herself with the gorgeous and fruitful fields of the Antebellum days. Others shall open up the highways of commerce, thus co-operating with their classmates in bringing commercial, financial and intellectual progress to their Country. In every calling of life, we shall gladly and ably do our share of the tasks appointed us by the Guiding Hand of the Universe.

We do not desire to speculate, for fear you should not believe us, neither do we care to philosophise lest you should cease to hear us, so we have tried to talk heart to heart with you, telling you of our aspirations and our plans for the future. We trust that you have heard us attentively, and we beg only this parting word:—whether we be keen, successful lawyers; wise, patriotic statesmen; earnest, eloquent preachers; humane physicians or whatever path of service we may tread, we would ask you to bend down low, that we may whisper into your ear our Motto for the future:—"We shall serve faithfully our God, our Country and our fellowmen."

—CLASS PROPHET.



Sophomore Roll

Armstrong, O. M
Brashears, W. W Gunnison, Miss.
Busby, L. H Summit, Miss.
Cannon, W. C Monticello, Miss.
Dale, I. F Prentiss, Miss.
Denson, J. J Bay Springs, Miss.
Godman, G. E Terry, Miss.
Hall, L. D Lumberton, Miss.
Howell, R. W Banner, Miss.
Hollis, H. D Walnut, Miss.
Hollowell, J. C Zeiglerville, Miss.
Johnson, A. S Gloster, Miss.
Lackey, J. B
McGehee, H. J Liberty, Miss.
Price, C.D Wesson, Miss.
Russum, B. P Flora, Miss.
Roper, C. A Kosciusko, Miss.
Underwood, R. T Terry, Miss.
Voyles, C. A Louisiana



Sophomore Roll

Denman, C. W Paynes,	Miss.
Hancock, W. A	Miss.
May, LF Tylertown,	Miss.
Miley, C. S Newton,	Miss.
Miller, R. C Leaksville,	Miss.
Massey, J. C Tillatobia,	Miss.
McKinzie, A. A Jackson,	Miss.
Posey, C. S Silver Creek,	Miss.
Priddy, W. F	Miss.
Polk, L. L Purvis,	Miss.
Simmons, T. E Mesa,	Miss.
Simmons, D. R	Miss.
Simmons, Howard Lake,	Miss.
Smith, C. D Florence,	Miss.
Stapleton, L. J	Miss.
Stringer, E. F Bay Springs,	Miss.
Thigpen, S. G Bay Springs,	Miss.
Turnage, A. H New Hebron,	Miss.
Thames, G. C Collins,	Miss.
Walker, C. A	Miss.
Williamson, M. D	Miss.
Whittington, C. C Eddiceton,	Miss.
Chastain, J. G Blue Mountain,	Miss.
McCool, H. J McCool,	Miss.

"A Letter From Father"

Pulltight, Miss., May 3rd, 1911.

My dear Son:-

I am just in receipt of your very short, but kind note in which you inform me that you are out of money. I am very glad you are so prompt to notify me. I have toiled all these years in order that you might have an easier and a better time in the world than I have had. I am very anxious that you keep step with the spirit of the age, and to do this, you will have to make a show of much importance. Be sure to stand around the drug store doors, assume a nonchalant air, and wait till someone asks you to go in and have one on him. To be thoroughly "in it," you know, is to drink not less than some dozen dopes a day. It is all right to drink, so long as the other fellow is paying for it, and for the sake of show, you occasionly will have to set up yourself, but it is far better that you spend your coin altogether on yourself. To speak plainly, I want you to wear very fine clothes. You see, my dear boy, I am willing to make any sort of sacrifice, provided I can persuade you to be happy and satisfied with the school. Although I think you are in one of the best schools in the State, I could not afford to keep you where you are not pleased.

I was very much gratified to learn the other day, that it is now much out of style in school circles to wear a hat, or even to wear underwear, except very light quality, and very short pattern. This will cut expenses a little, and, you know, in these boll weevil times, every little helps. But do not worry, for you shall have every desire of your heart gratified. I must confess that I have been somewhat puzzled to understand why it is that you boys do not get cold, so lightly clad as I learn you are, but perhaps it is because the brain of the up-to-date youth is so large and energetic, and pulsates with such gigantic thoughts, that leaving the head bare and the extremities half clad is the only safe course to escape brain fever. There is another thing that pleases me very much: that you no longer find it in good taste to wear a coat. The amount thus saved you will very profitably apply to your tobacco bill. You know that it would be very, VERY rude to walk along the streets in company with a young lady, in these fashionably times, without a pipe in your mouth. Nothing adds more to a young man's dignity than does smoking, especially smoking a pipe.

You spoke of having bought a lyceum ticket. I am delighted to know that. You are certainly having the privileges of uplifting influences, but remember, my boy, that all this profits you nothing, unless people know that you are in the audience, so I would urge you to see to it that, when you attend the entertainments, you make all the noise possible. When you cheer the performer, stamp on the floor with all your might, at the same time, yell and scream at the top of your voice. A few keen whistles would add much to the effectiveness.

Another mighty good way to attract attention to yourself and gain the estimation of the people, is to guy at a young man accompanying a young lady at public gatherings. I have heard of this working like a charm, even on the streets. Of course this will embarrass the young lady a bit, but what does that matter, just so you attract attention to yourself and create a laugh at another's expense?

But of all things connected with school life, I think that baseball is the most profitable. You know, my dear boy, I never had such absorbing advantages at school, more's the pity, for I did learn something and I have made good in spite of it. about a good education's being of any good in making a living is an exploded theory. I want you to get the stuff that counts in the race for the coin. Be like our own T. R., whether chasing lions in Africa, skimming history to bluff the great German University into giving him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, telling England what to do, or in America accusing other men of being liars, and rending in twain the G. O. P. with a "New Nationalism." As it is a sort of fad these days for boys to go to college, I yield to it, but I do not expect you to learn much, what I do want you to do is to give your time in cultivating popularity with the fellows. In order to do this, you must spend as much of your time lounging around in other boys' rooms as you can spare from the time needed to think out some way of worrying your teachers. It is the funniest thing in the world to keep the faculty on the jump trying to catch up with an obstreperous rascal. You need not fear any unpopularity on the part of the people of the community outside the immediate college circles, for if there is one thing more sure than another, it is the fact that the college community always takes sides with the student in whatever mischief he engages. There is no exception to this statement, I believe, except in the case of the old lady whose chickens or turkeys have been stolen. Speaking of stealing chickens—that is fun for you sure enough, and I want you to get all out of it there is to be had. You will best do that by getting the younger and less experienced fellows into it. You will of course be sharp enough not to get caught yourself, but this is such sport for you, if prechance the faculty should catch the foolish kids, and you escape.

To tell the truth, there is nothing that quite equals the fun of getting the green fellows into snaps of this kind. Mixing up with all sorts in that way and cultivating the popular bravo spirit, just as sure as sin will land you in the United States Congress. But this will require some slick work. You must be able to make brass shine like gold. To quote my Latin teacher, but inverting the order of the meaning: "Videri quam esse." By way of parenthesis, this is an example of how much good the study of such stuff, as Latin, does. Now, he used to say: "Esse quam videri." If I had lacked the common sense to turn that around and to apply it to practical purposes in life, I would have been all these days trying "to be rather than to seem," and the world would have been the poorer for having missed the charming glitter which I have been able to give it. I know that they say in order to shine the brightest, the brilliancy must come from within, but I notice, when a boot-black puts a shine on my shoes, he always works on the out side, instead of the inside. So my theory is: work on the part that will shine the most easily.

Now in conclusion, my dear son, you know that you are soon to descend from the chapel rostrum, after having spent four years of athletic devotion and liberal extravagance, to bear proudly in your hands the much coveted diploma. Your step will be elastic, your dress will be speak the gentlemanly scholar, your eye bright, though not showing a meditative steadiness, will indicate character that any father with a grain of pride in the educational welfare of his son should rejoice to see.

Your loving father,
HENRY HOWARD HORN.

If at first you don't succeed,

Write again!

She will answer if you plead,

Write again.

Keep on writing her, By Heck—

Tho' she swat you in the neck,

Tho' your hopes and plans she wreck.

Write again!

Class Officers

I. G. Austin									President
T. J. Latimer									ce-President
G. D. Anderson						Se	cretary	and	Treasurer
W. E. Holcomb									Historian
F. R. Kolb .									Poet
D. W. Holmes									Prophet

Colors: Maroon and White

Motto: "After clouds comes sunshine"

Freshman Prophesy



as much as I have never been fortunate enough for the future to be portrayed to me through a dream, it is a very difficult task to foresee the heights which our class bids fair to attain. If we could disperse the impenatrable clouds of the future, who knows but that we should find members of the class of '14 who have ascended to the very pinacles of fame?

We have shown on the gridiron and diamond that we can accept defeat and still toil on with Stoic determination, or we can carry away the victory without taking the "bigh head"

After receiving instructions from the Faculty and hearing chapel speeches through three more years, we shall be able to combat successfully with the trials and tribulations of this mortal existence.

The fact that many of us have been frequently summoned before special faculty meetings, and have always given convincing argument in proof of our innocence, notwith-standing circumstantial evidence against us, elaborated by prosecuting attorney Godbold with Little Bill his council, is proof positive that our oratory would stir emotions of envy in the breast of the immortal Cicero. So it may safely be predicted that our class will be represented at the bar by men who will sway judges and juries by their unrivaled and matchless eloquence.

Owing to the fact that we have men who have proven themselves skillful in administering "salts" to obstreperous preps, the medical profession will be illuminated in a

We are bound to give to the world a few Carusos, because the choir in our church contains men from our class who will make the halls resound with melody when they sing some of the master pieces that can only be sung by the talented. To prove this, or to believe it, you ought to hear them render "Rock of Ages," and then you will have no hesitancy in unanimously declaring that the Freshman class contains some great songsters.

As I have endeavored to show you what a few of our men are destined to do in the future, so will all of our men rise to success in every phase of life.

-PROPHET.

Freshman Class History

ISTORY has many heroes whose renown has filled the world, but seldom has any one institution had the honor of claiming more than one or two of these. It has remained for Mississippi College, through her class of 1914, to break all records and give to civilization such a band of mighty men as never before have been seen.

We have orators—Phillips and McCullough; authors—Holmes, Spencer, Moore, and Hathorne; financiers—Hamilton and Williams; historians—Bancroft and myself; presidents—Buchanan and Adams; and if necessary we can bring forward a list of war-

riors that will make the very earth tremble—Hill, Hood, Lee and Nelson.

On the athletic field we are ably represented. Our football team finished up with a good percentage. As for baseball our team could easily lay "Connie Macks Athletics" in the shade. But on the track we have been even more successful, and more than

one Freshman's face was seen in the 'Varsity ranks.

Of our many (????????) and brilliant social functions (?) I have neither time nor space to write concerning them. Suffice it to say that if I have succeeded enough with my work as to leave you interested and desirous of knowing more of the Freshman class in particular and Mississippi College in general, such information may be obtained by consulting one T. J. L., himself a prominent member of our band.

—HISTORIAN.

Freshman Poem

Oh, what a jolly thing it is to bear a Freshman's name; To know that we have just begun to climb the hill of fame. We profit by anothers faults, we see the Senior fail, We drop a little lower down and hear the Juniors wail.

We reach the gallant Sophomore, and though he's very fine, He with a Freshman can't compare, and so is left behind. Of Zeus and Zed we're not afraid nor yet of Ajax gaunt, For we always know our lessons, while upper classmen don't.

Of Dr. Spot we are the pride, because he says that we Of all the classes are the best that ever graced M. C. We study Math. and History throughout the tiresome week, And then when Sunday morning comes the chapel hall we seek.

For there we see the Stute girls fair, both bright and modest dames, And whether there be Profs or not we always call their names. We sing a song then bow our heads and when the preacher prays, Then for a while we contemplate the error of our ways.

Then when the benediction comes and services are done, We to the chapel front all go at next thing to a run. With upper classmen by our sides we watch the Stute line file, And as adown the steps they come we go completely wild.

For if the boys are ever glad 'tis when they're with the girls. And here only are we allowed to gaze at cheeks and curls. But when we think 'tis dinner time straight for the "dorm" we make; And then we eat of roasting ears and sugar coated cake.

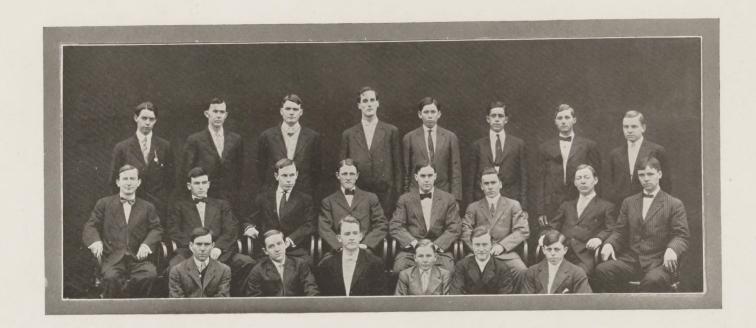
But Tuesday quickly rolls around and we take up our work, For like a noble Freshman we are never known to shirk. And thus it goes the whole year round with Freshman in the lead, While upper classmen vainly try to do the Freshie's deed.

-Роет.



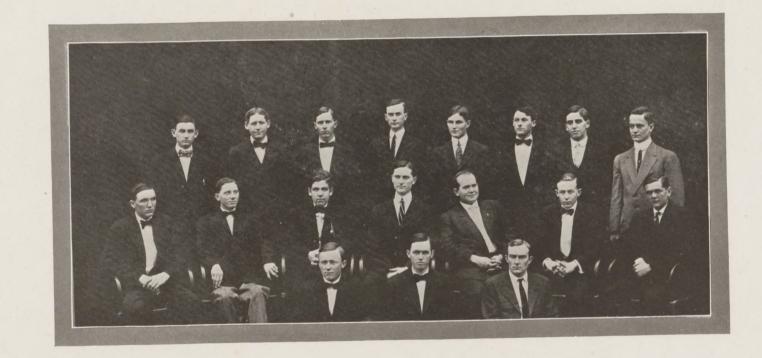
Freshman Roll

Aycock, D. B Bently
Allen, A. A Amory
Ainsworth, W. G
Batson, L. L Milland
Branton, M. B White Bluff
Biggers, R. W Ackerman
Barnes, R. E Scanlan, La.
Buchanan, J. E Blue Mountain
Bennett, T. B
Brown, M. D Meridian
Connerly, T. T Tylertown
Clarke, C Ruth
Conner, L. H
Cruise, H. M
Cousert, J. J
Chapman, C. P Flora
Denson, W. S Bay Springs
Dear, W. C Florence
Dodson, H. H Mississippi
Dean Mississippi
Daughtry, T. C
Evans, W. H Noxapater



Freshman Roll

Greer, H. G Bogue Chitto
Hendricks, T. D
Hood, L. G Columbia
Hood, D. S West Point
Hamilton, J. H
Hemler, J. R Archbold, La.
Havis, B. W Vicksburg
Hill, E. C
Horn, J. B Bay Springs
Hathorne, J. D Columbia
Holcomb, C. P Florence
Holcomb, W. E
Hardy, R. C Belfontaine
Jacobs, P. B Columbus
Jones, R. P Little Springs
Jones, S. A Columbia
Kolb, F. R
Kethley, W. M
Kelly, J. H
Kirkland, W. G
Kitchens, A. A Forksville
Crosby, W. G New Hebron



Freshman Roll

Ligon, J. G Slate Springs
Lane, W. D Lorena
Lowe, W. E Bogue Chitto
Lowrey, W. F Collins
Latimer, T. J
Loyd, J. A Meridian
Melton, E. C
Martin, J. D Florence
Moak, R. H Bogue Chitto
Middleton, G. W
McGehee, C Summit
Moore, H. T
Nelson, W. R Baldwyn
Oats, J. K Bay Springs
Price, J. H., Jr
Price, Jno. H Norfield
Phillips, T. R Hattiesburg
Pilkington, W. T



Freshman Roll

Robertson, J. M.				Calhoun City
Spencer, H. L.				. Coila
Small, J. P				. Lake
Simmons, T. V.				. Louin
Stringer, W. A.				
Spencer, T. F				. Coila
Simpson, J. T				Longview
Touchstone, A. G.				Braxton
Townsend, R. E.				 Sweatman
Tate, F. W.				. Clinton
Terry, E. P.				Calhoun City
Clower, C. A				Holandale
Virden, W				 . Cynthia
Walker, W. P.				Mendenhall
West, A. W				Waynesboro
Williams, P. H.				 . Ruth
Williams, S. E.				. Ardella
Webb, W. C.				. Banner
Longino, J. M.				 . Clinton

Oration Delivered Over the Freshman Election

(Shakespeare and Glomerata consulted this before writing their edition)

Friends, Americans Countrymen! Lend me your ears; I will return them next Saturday. I come

To bury Jeff Latimer because his head was hard,

And the Freshmen won't hire an undertaker.

The evil that men do live after them.

So let it be with the deceased.

Austin told you that Jeff Latimer was ambitious.

What does he know about it?

It is none of his funeral—would it were!

Here under the leave of Austin, I come to

Make a speech at Jeff Latimer's funeral.

He was my friend in M. C. and Philadelphia; (Miss.)

He loaned me a quarter, when I was broke,

And voted for me for Sub Marshal.

But Austin says he was ambitious,

And Austin has the class of '14 in his pocket.

Jeff Latimer has made many captives in Hillman,

That to buy them flowers he clerked in the book-store.

When the games we lost, Jeff Latimer wept,

Because they did not cost him anything,

And thus made himself popular with the preachers. (Cheers)

Ambition should be made of softer stuff.

Yet Austin says he was ambitious;

And Austin is an honorable man.

You all did see that on election day

Epping thrice presented him the President's crown,

Which he accepted once and twice refused,

Because it did not fit his head,

Was this ambition? Yet Austin says he was ambitious.

Austin said so of Spencer, a member of yore, (Applause)

If you have tears prepare to shed them

Now. Otherwise, water will do. (Great uproar)

You all know this night shirt.

Well, I remember the first time he put it on.

It was a Spring evening,

When we won the game from A. & M.

But this was a night shirt to be proud of.

It cost him twenty-nine cents at Kress' Sale.

Kress wanted a dollar forty-nine for it,

But finally came down to twenty-nine because it was Jeff Latimer.

Was this ambitious? If Austin says it was,

He had ambition for the presidency himself.

Look! In this place ran Aycock's dagger through;

Through this the sun-of-a-gun Austin stabbed,

And when he plucked his cursed steel away

Mark he how far from the presidency Jeff Latimen was!

I come not Freshmen to steal away your stomachs,

I am no president as Austin is.

Austin runs all the class business

And wouldn't give me the smallest office,

And don't you forget it!

Kind Freshmen! Sweet Freshmen! I do not wish to stir you up

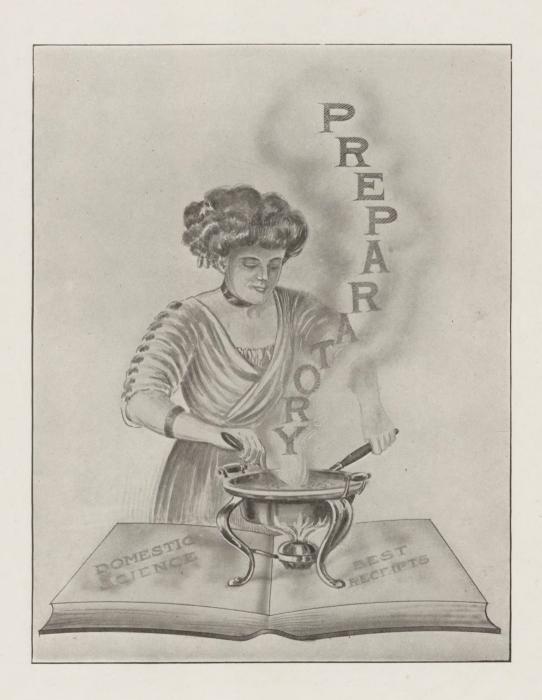
To such a sudden flow of mutiny;

For I expect a good office next year,

And as is looks like rain,

The judges will hand in their decisions

And we will hear our Vice-President not bury him.





Preparatory Roll

Bancroft, E. M Bickford, Okla.
Furr, A. C Nola
Fortenberry, F. S Osyka
Green, W. L
Gamble, J. Q Jackson
Ingram, I. C
Loveless, G. C Blue Springs
King, Walter Brookhaven
Martin, R. M Meridian
Page, C. B Jackson
Parks, B. A Sherman
Russell, T. J
Simmons, E. A Kewanee
Sharp, R. B
Sumrall, F. H Meridian
Tate, A
Thornhill, H. G
Tucker, J. C

Some L'Allegro Ads

Wanted—Some more Millsaps boys to come to A. & M. games.—The Boys.

Wanted—A new History Professor—J. P. Powell.

Wanted—Another cat—Havis and Jacobs.

Notice—I will exchange my Senior pin with anyone having a 1908 Hillman College pin—Odom.

Wanted—To know where my pictures went—Singletary.

Second hand goods for sale—Caps, tennis rackets, balls and shoes and hoisery—J. H. Berry.

Wanted-A new joke to tell Prof. Sharp-Shack Standifer.

Lost—One comb and brush at beginning of session 1910-11. Return before Junior reception and receive liberal reward—"Pole" Middleton.

Wanted-B. Y. P. U. presidency-Spencer.

Lost—The Freshman class presidency—T. J. Latimer.

Wanted—A recipe to make the arms grow longer—P. K. Chadwick.

Wanted-A man to give second hand hair cuts-"Sweetcut."

Wanted—A fifteen cent hair cut—E. A. Simmons. Wanted—To be a Kappa Alpha—C. Yerger. Notice—I made the Track team—D. Ballard.

Wanted—Some other fellow's girl to court this year—"Whiskers" Beard.

Notice—I will chaperone boys and girls to Washington next summer—R. B. Cooper.

Wanted-A new nick-name-"Puke" Turley.

Wanted—To know if the seniors can talk to the Stute when the telephone service is installed—C. Singletary.

Notice—Anyone desiring insurance, see me, I represent the Farmer's Union—Moak.

Lost—A good voice during the A. & M. games—Hollowell. Wanted—To know why "Coz" Barber is so popular—Gonia.

Wanted-To know if Gonia deserves the credit he gets-Barber, "Coz."

Wanted—To know if all the boys love to kiss the girls as well as I do—S. G. Pope. Wanted—To know when "Dutchy" will need another assistant in Chemistry—W. E. Fortenberry.

Notice—Anyone desiring any poetry either epic or preppy, see or write me—Peter Farley Williams.

Wanted—To know if all the boys in school are as bad as his co-workers on the Annual Staff—Tom Sasser.

Wanted—To know if I need an introduction from third base—C. Stapleton. Wanted—To know when the next show is in Jackson—M. B. Montgomery.

Wanted—Anyone wishing to take M. A. work in History and Economics, please write me at once, as I expect to make History my Major—J. A. Collier.

Wanted—To know if the championship in using big words doesn't rightfully belong to me rather than Prof. Wallace—Herman Smith.

Wanted—Anyone desiring special examinations in History please see me—"Cut Rate" Hartzog.

Wanted—To learn to milk—Ira Izzard Barber.

Wanted-To know all the girls' names in the State-"Fool" Simmons.





Officers of the Philomathean Society

FIRST TERM President R. R. Hardy Vice-President P. F. Williams C. D. Blassingame Secretary SECOND TERM President J. D. Franks Vice-President W. C. Seab Secretary R. P. Noble THIRD TERM President Hilton Russell Vice-President C. Singletary Secretary B. P. Russom FOURTH TERM President W. R. Langford Vice-President N. G. Mayhall Secretary W. F. Lowrey



PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY.

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HERMENIAN ANNIVERSARY

Officers of Demosthenean Society

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			FIRS	1 1 1	IVIVI				
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C. C. Hussey									Marshal
C. C. Hussey									
			SECO	ND I	ERM				
A. F. Youngberg									President
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O. O. Davis									Secretary
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C. E. THOMPSON, ANNIVERSARIAN.



MAGAZINE STAFF.



Y. M. C. A. Officers

C. D. Blassingam	ie				President
W. R. Langford					Vice-President
C. S. Miley					Secretary

The Y. M. C. A.



HE Young Men's Christian Association fills a spiritual need in the life of College students that no other religious organization can meet. Neither the prayer meeting, the Sunday school, nor the B. Y. P. U. bring them into such intimate relation as does the Y. M. C. A. In its meetings all pretense of formality is thrown aside, and every one is enabled to enter into

that spirit of reverence and respect with a degree of freedom which is so essential to true and genuine worship. It offers an opportunity of acquiring Christian training which no

young man can afford to disregard.

The Y. M. C. A. of Mississippi College was first organized in 1889. After meeting with some reverses it was discontinued until the sesson of 1899-1900. Though interest has since slackened from time to time, sufficient concern has been manifested to continue the organization, and it is now on such a firm footing as to assure its permanent success and enduring influence in the future. The attendance this session though not as large as it might have been, has been regular and appreciative. Under the leadership of some of the most able men in the College, every program has been full of interest, instruction, and inspiration. By throwing open the subject for free discussion, ideas and thoughts have been exchanged which could not help but be beneficial and conducive to higher and broader views. At the same time a degree of training and freedom of expression has been acquired which will ever redound to good advantage.

But the work of the Y. M. C. A. this session has not been confined to its own membership. Mission study classes have been organized throughout the student body and town, having a large enrollment of enthusiastic workers. Much interest has been manifest

in this study and much good accomplished.

Realizing the paramount need of personal purity among young men, the Y. M. C. A. this session instituted a vigorous purity campaign. Pledges were distributed and signed which every young man should constantly strive to observe. Even though a few of the large number who signed the pledge should keep it, the good which would be affected could be measured only in the high standard of Christian character which they

would exemplify.

Extending this course for personal purity, a course of lectures was arranged, covering all phases of the subject. These lectures were delivered by some of the most able men of their profession. Some of the men who lectured were: Rev. W. A. Borum, who discussed the question from a moral stand point; Ex-Gov. Longino, as it relates to society and Government; other phases of the subject, as from a medical consideration, were treated by men of state-wide prominence. These lectures were attended by practically the entire student body, and we feel sure that much stimulas was added to the cause which they were intended to promote.

We are engaged in a work second in importance only to the winning of lost souls to Christ—the training of saved ones in His work. We have accomplished much good in the past; we are destined to accomplish more in the future. The prospects are promising, the reward great. Let us never be found idle, but ever striving to make an organization

what an ideal College Y. M. C. A. should be.

—SECRETARY.

B. Y. P. U.

OFFICERS

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O. D. B. Causey		. President
C. D. Blassingame		. Vice-President
Miss Myrtle Reese .		Secretary and Treasurer
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O. D. B. Causey		. President
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Miss Margaret Lewis		Secretary and Treasurer
	THIRD TERM	
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T. L. Sasser .		. Vice-President
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	FOURTH TERM	
T. L. Sasser .		President
F. B. Black		. Vice-President
Miss Emma Carter .		Secretary and Treasurer
	FIFTH TERM	
R. F. Stuart		President
A. S. Johnson .		. Vice-President
Miss Bonnie Bess Tillm	nan	Secretary and Treasurer
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A. W. Turner .		. President
G. F. Connerly .		. Vice-President
Miss Ella Connerly .		Secretary and Treasurer



MINISTERIAL STUDENTS

Forever and a Day

GREAT many folks in Arden were always wondering what Lucile Brandon could find in William Randolph to so much admire. "Why, they said, he's an orphan, with little education and refinment, without money, and without any influential friends or relatives, just a common clerk at a Grocery Store. It's true, he is a fine looking, strong, honest fellow, but

my! she's a swell, aristocratic, pretty, talented, wealthy and lovable. She ought not to take a fancy to a boy like him. I don't blame her father for objecting to his attentions to her."

Remarks like these had come to William's ears several times lately, and each time they cut a little deeper, and made him feel his unworthiness more keenly and his love for the girl in question more strongly. They had pressed down upon him until a resolution was fast forming in his mind to see her and tell her what people were saying, and then to give her an opportunity to free herself from all promises to him. He must see her on this particular afternoon, however, for on tomorrow she is to leave for her final year in a fashionable school in Boston. But how shall he see her? He is no longer a welcome caller at the Brandon home, nor would she be allowed to receive a note from him. Just while William was trying to formulate a plan whereby he should see her, a boy came in with a note addressed to, "Mr. William Randolph." It was hurriedly written and read as follows:

Dear Will:

I am going over to Kate's this afternoon, and will be there until late, in fact, until you come for me. You know I leave tomorrow.

Hastily,

Lucile.

Of course, Will went, and together they walked home in the twilight. He tells her, as they stroll along, of what some folks are saying, and of how it has pained him, and in faltering words he poured out his whole heart to her. She was silent for several minutes after he had ceased to speak. She could feel his powerful frame quiver with the emotions that surged through his soul. She knew that he loved her intensely.

Presently she said, "Yes, I know that they say things like that, and Father is getting more bitter against you all the time. He won't even let me write to you at all while I am away. Oh! it's dreadful, I hate 'em all."

By this time they had gotten inside the gate of the Brandon lawn. This was as far as they dared go together, so here they stopped. She came close, looked up into his face and told him that she wanted him to go to college too, that she loved him, but that he must prove himself worthy of her love, by getting a diploma before she could ever marry him because her father was so much opposed to the match. And then, when he should come back, she would be proud of her big, strong and cultured boy, who would

be able to give her an honored position in the world. Thrilled by her presence, and inspired by the love-lit gleam of her pleading eyes, he promised to get a diploma if it were within the bounds of human possibilities. A curly mass of brown hair nestled against a manly shoulder, as a tender voice whispered, "Little girl, it's going to take me a long time to finish school, are you sure that you're going to wait for me?"

"Why Will, of course I'll wait."

"How long?"

"Forever-and a day," she murmured, as two white arms stole up around his neck. He held her in his arms a long time without a word being spoken. And with his soul too full of ecstasy for speech, he kisses her again and is soon lost in the gloom of the gathering night. With a new purpose in his mind and a new joy in his heart, he almost ran back home to pack his meager belongings and to make arrangements to catch the Southbound train that night for a famous old school in a distant Southern State. It was here that his father, of whom he had scant recollections, had gone to school in the long ago, and it was a school where merit and not money was the standard, and for these reasons he was going there too. Notwithstanding the fact that he had only a few dollars above his fare, his step was light and his heart was glad, as he boarded the train that night. He did not take a Sleeper, but sat down in the Day coach and gazed out through the gloom of the night upon a roseate-hued picture of the future that Fancy was painting. presently his head dropped back lower and lower until it rested upon the back of the seat -he was asleep and dreaming. He was back again in the twilight shadows, a dainty little form he held in his arms, a bosom rose and fell, and a heart throbbed and fluttered against his own, while a voice like the music of the murmuring sea shell whispered over and over, "Forever and a day, forever and a day."

Late the next afternoon the train came to the quaint old Southern town and William's journey had come to an end. He promptly sought the President and very readily secured work as assistant to the Secretary to the President.

He began college life in dead earnest, just as he did every thing else. To be sure, he was kept busy all the time, but his capacity for work seemed to be boundless. He made good in his work and in his studies, but he made friends very slowly, because he was so busy and extremely quiet. He was such a "Say nothin" that the fellows called him "William The Silent," and well did he bear the title. This title was later abbreviated to "Bill," and such we shall call him hereafter.

Bill and I had occupied rooms adjoining with a door opening between, ever since the beginning of the session, but I had found him so quiet that he was uninteresting, and thus nothing more than a passing acquaintance had existed between us until a certain little amusing incident happened which was destined to make us friends ever after.

I was to be initiated into, and become a member of, a club called, "The Celebrated Zulus of Zanzibar," organized for the purpose of doing a general hazing and terrorizing business among the Freshmen. I had received notice from the "Supreme Sultan" telling me that a detachment of his most trusted Lieutenants would be likely to call at any moment to try me in order to see if I could stand the hardships on the trip across the burning sands. About eleven o'clock one night I had partially disrobed, preparatory to retiring. Bill was still at work and the door between us was standing ajar, when suddenly and noiselessly, my room door opened, and in stepped four masked figures, grotesquely clad in oriental costumes. They proceeded without a word to seize me and bend me over my

trunk, Lieutenant Zulu No. One astride my head, Lieutenant Zulu No. Two holding my feet, and Lieutenants No. Three and Four, armed with razor straps were proceeding to flay me in a manner most highly fitting a noble Zulu. I had forgotten Bill and the Lieutenants must have overlooked him, but as soon as he saw my plight he sprang through the door like a wild animal, and with two rights to the jaws Lieutenants No. Three and Four were sprawling on the floor, Lieutenants No. One and Two met the same result, and before I could interfere or stop him, he had battered, disabled, and routed the whole detachment of Zanzibarians.

I was thereupon (and luckily I suppose) denied admission into the club. Bill was deeply chagrined when I explained that they were only having a little fun at my expense, and he was much disturbed when he found out that I had been denied admission on his account.

I found him more interesting every day after that, so much so that our friendship procured for us the collective name of "David and Jonathan," but individually, he was called "Bill" and I, "Shang." There was a certain reserve about him that never gave way. I knew that he had some secret in his heart, but I never dared try to find it out. I thought that possibly he might be in love with some girl back home, but I noticed that he never wrote nor received any mail whatever. "Surely," thought I, "if he had a girl he would write to her." So I dismissed it as an unsolved problem until he should break the silence.

Springtime came, and with it the baseball season. We had held the State Championship for the past two years, and we were making a desperate effort to hold it this year, but we were "shy" on pitchers. We had two, "Sandy" and "Lefty" on whom we could rely when they were "in form," but should either of them be hurt or "off color" we would be "strictly up against it." I was the "Receiving end" of the battery that year and was naturally, very much interested in getting a "nifty bunch o' heavers." So when we first began to talk baseball in the spring, I asked Bill if he didn't play ball, to which he care-lessly replied, "Well, I used to chunk 'em some 'round the grass lots up home." But I never succeeded in getting him on the Diamond for practice. Said he didn't have time. But I got him "to warm up" a little several times, and was surprised at his marvelous speed and curves. But no persuasion could get him to leave off his work and "try for the team."

When the season was well advanced and we were in the midst of our most important series of games, an accident happened that left us "in the soup." Two games had been played, the first we had won and the second we had lost. The third game would settle it, as well as the championship. Three innings had been played, and not a score had been made. Lefty, who was sure to win, we thought, was on the mound for us. They were at the bat. The "ragging" was deafening. One man was out, and one man on first, when Lefty "heaved" me an inshoot too wide, which the batter caught right "square on the nose" and sent it sizzing back, a line drive to Lefty-well, it broke his finger. Lefty, was out of the game, and with Lefty went our hopes. A council of war was held. The Capt. was "up in the air." Just then I spied Bill up in the bleachers. It was the first time that he had been to the game. I told the Capt. that if he would put Bill in the box that we would still win the game. After much persuasion and assurance he agreed to let him try. Bill was called down and sent out to finish the game without giving him an opportunity to don a uniform. Our ragging had ceased. were in the dust. Our hopes had gone with Lefty. But our opponents were cheering tumultously, and guying derisively our "greenhorn" pitcher.

Bill "started the fireworks" by striking out the first two men and thus retiring the side without a score. Well, to make a long story short, "they couldn't touch him." We won by a score of 2—0. Pandemonium reigned when the game broke up. The "David and Jonathan Battery" was hoisted on the shoulders of the crowd and carried to the club house. And the funny thing about it was, that Bill's bearers were the four Lieutenants of Zanzibar. His fame was secure in the hands of future generations.

When the session closed Bill could not go home because it was too far and took too much money, and besides, he could not leave his work. And it was thus every vacation until at last time came for us to graduate. He was, a Senior in "Lit." and I, in law. It was the last day of Commencement that Bill got the first letter that he had gotten since he had been in school. He seemed almost afraid to open it. He read it twice before its meaning dawned upon him. Then his face lit up as I had never seen it before. I knew it was something extraordinary. He handed it over for me to read. It was a letter from the Executor of the will of a deceased relative, telling him that he was the sole taker under the will of large amounts of both real and personal property in the State of Florida, and asking him and his attorney to come down immediately so as to go over the papers before the probate of the will.

"Consider yourself retained as my attorney," he said gaily, "we shall leave as soon as the Graduation exercises are over."

And of course I went.

We found a magnificent estate, with a splendid Ante bellum mansion, furnished with rare and elegant furnishings. There were servants, horses, carriages and almost all that heart could wish.

We had been there long enough to get the most urgent matters attended to, when Bill announced his intentions to return home.

"What are you going home for?" I asked. He was silent a little while as if debating something.

"Do you see this house? Well, I am going back to bring a Queen to rule herein."

"Great snakes of Sinai!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean that you are going to marry something?"

He paid no attention to my jocularity, but he began and told me all about how he had loved the Little Girl back home. How her father thought him unworthy; how she had inspired him with a courage and a determination to be something; of her promise to wait; how he had been denied the privilege of writing to her; how he had worked; how his heart yearned for a sight of her or even a tender message now and then; and how happy he was now that he was prepared to go and claim her as his own.

He left the next day. It was impossible for me to go with him because of urgent matters concerning the will and estate. I was to remain there until he should return, neither of us had any way knowing how long that would be. But I did not look for his return under a month at least. Imagine my very great surprise when about a week later Randolph walked in looking as if he had had a month's illness.

"Hell—o," I exclaimed, in surprise. "Wh—, Good Lord, Old man, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Yes—er no, oh I don't know. It don't make much difference whether I am or not. Jim, she's married and got two children. I expected too much of her I guess. I thought she'd wait, but I was a fool, a blind, blitherin' fool." His head was buried in his hands. I was helpless, not a word could I say. The room suddenly became too

close, as a big lump rose in my throat. I sought the fresh air, and my handkerchief, for I was sniffling like a girl.

I did not see much of him, after that, he seemed to want to be alone, and I always felt comfortable around him, so I finished my work without his assistance, which took only a few more days.

I could not find him when I got ready to leave, and rather felt relieved that he had purposely concealed himself. So I wrote him a note telling him goodbye, and many other things that I could not have said to him face to face. I left the note on his table, and was soon speeding homeward again.

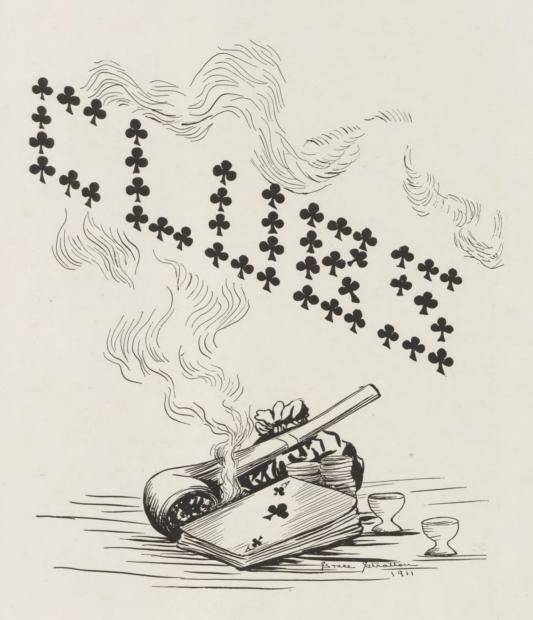
The busy years passed rapidly. Not a word nor a line had come to me from Randolph since I had last seen him down in Sunny Florida, although I had written him several times. I had been chosen a Judge of the Criminal Court of a great city. One morning a rather shabbily dressed man, who appeared to be about fifty years of age, and whose face bore the lines of sorrow, and the marks of dissipation, was brought before me charged with Vagrancy. When he was brought out in my presence I saw him start suddenly, take a step toward me, then as suddenly stop and turn his face away. There was something about his face that seemed oddly familiar. The indictment was read charging William Randolph with being "an able-bodied person who lives without employment, and without any visible means of support, and hence a vagrant."

I could scarcely believe my eyes when it dawned upon me that the prisoner at the Bar was my friend, and schoolmate of the long ago, and who had come to this. It was with an effort that I refrained from leaving the Judge's stand and rushing down and throwing my arms around his neck to weep over his condition. I knew the cause, and understood. When the Little Girl, the source of his inspiration, had married and left him, the stream of his determination had dried up, and only the dry sands of that stream were left, to be cast hither and thither by every wind that blows.

He had no lawyer and a plea of "guilty" was entered for him. Well, possibly I did break my oath of office to enforce the law in all cases. Be that as it may. I told him to "go and sin no more." It was the most trying experience of my career. The spectators did not understand. They wondered why a guilty man should be turned loose without a plea or a word in his behalf. He was so visibly affected that he grabbed his battered hat and rushed out of the door, although I would fain have kept him as Joseph of Egypt kept Benjamin of old.

-RELLAW.

Nothing—But another girl.
She had asked to have a caller,
For a "friend" had come to town.
"Is there anything between you?"
Asked the matron with a frown,
And the maiden paused a moment,
For her head was in a whirl,
But she answered quite demurely
"Nothing—but another girl."





SENIOR CHEMISTRY CLASS Dr. "Dutchy" and his "Quacks"



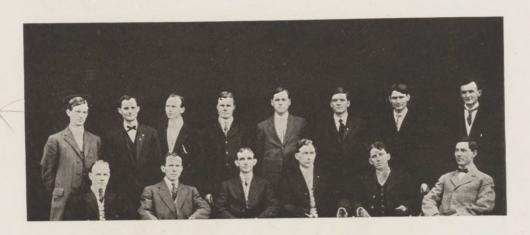
Rooters Club

"Pilk," "Smith Herman," "Stope," Holmes, Hollowell, Pope, "Stuck," Lee, McLaurin, "Dock" Noble, "Poats" and his Pig.



Alien Club

Hemler, Louisiana; Sartor, La.; Voyles, La.; Balfour, La.; Willis, La.; McCoy, La.; Bancroft, E. M., Oklahoma; Turner, La.; Estes, Tenn.; Youngeberg, Sweden; Bancroft, C. R., Oklahoma.



Married Men

Dana, Briscoe, Huffstatler, Parker, Arrender, Threat, McCool, Lewis, Summers, Jeffreys, Hancock, Kyzar, Hardy, Shoemaker.



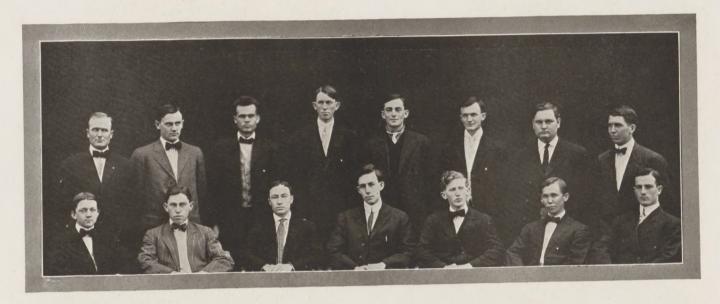
"Flirts"

Motto: "I love my wife, but O you kid."

George Washington Raborn, Chief Flirt. Dr. Hunnicutt, Lady Killer. Thomas Jeffie Lattimer, West, Hollowell, Lowe, Simmons, Bullock, Peter Farley Williams, "Turkey" Reeves, Williams Carl Seab, Williams, Subs.



Long, Short, Fat, Thick, Thin, and Tall Club



Pedagogues

J. P. Powell, lecturer on subjects of aesthetic tendency and interpreter of all manifestations of emotional phenomona; R. B. Ray, Athletic Director of some big college in California; E. B. Black, Theological lecturer for Pontotoc County; R. E. Stuart, enthusiastic advocate for the consolidation of rural schools; H. J. McLaurin, Dean of the Law Department of Rankin College; E. M. Lewis, Propagandist of all modern hypotheses, surpassing the ancient leaders of scholasticism; G. W. Raborn, Superintendent of the Colored Normals of the State; W. L. Beard, candidate to fill the first vacancy that occurs in the presidency of any college for young ladies; D. B. Jennings, rural school teacher; B. S. Milam, Head Coach in University of Texas; A. A. Tate, Primary Department Clinton High School; T. L. Sasser, Instructor of Bible in Clarke Memorial; W. C. Seab, Private Secretary to Hon. L. C. Franklin; Chas. Singletary, Dean of the National Phillipine Department and expositor of subjects requiring great intellectual profundities; Hilton Russell, Instructor of Domestic Science in Daniels High School.



Broke Club

Motto: "Father, please send me a check"



Happy Go-Lucky

Motto: "Never trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles you"



Pipe Dreamers

Motto: "Better smoke here than hereafter"

Stapleton, L., Kirkland, W., Posey, C., Lloyd, Cooper, Dale, F., Venable, Lassiter, McCann, Montgomery, Cain, Powell, Collier, Longino, M.



Probation Bunch

"We are members of the Mid-night Crew"

"Bun," "Dub," "Long Distance," "Prep," "Blank," "Whiskers," "Magnolia," "Shade," "Kirk," "Huzzy."



Senior German

Langford, W. R., Noble, R. P., Montgomery, M. B., Smith, W. H., Lee, P. M., Berry, J. H., Prof. Johnson, Singletary, C.



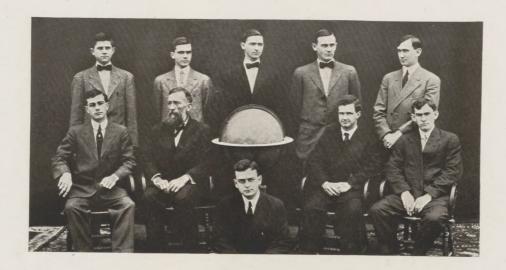
Orchestra

H. McGehee, C. Blankenship, Mrs. Berry, J. J. Denson, J. G. Chastain.



Mississippi College Band

Chastain, J. G., Middleton, G. W., Singletary, C., Polk, L. L., Denson, J. J., Leader; Thigpen, S. G., Thames, G. C., McGehee, H. J., Allen, A. A., Godbold, E., Russell, Hilton, Horn, J. B., Oates, J. K., Denson, W. S., Blankenship, C.



Sky Peepers

W. S. Burke, Kirkland, Odom, Ray, Standifer, McCann, Prof. Sharp, Williams, Dudley, Berry.

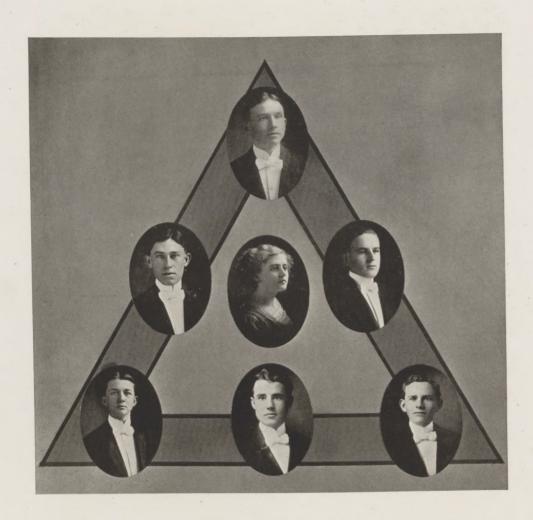
Same ole depot, Same ole town, Same ole loafers, Setin' roun'.

Same ole chapel, Same ole noise, Same ole roll call, Same ole boys.

Same ole lessons, Same ole Profs, Same ole Juniors, Same ole Sophs.

Same ole place, Dear old M. C. Same ole lazy prep, That's me.

—J. G. C.



Delta Club

Miss Ruth Lake, Sponsor.

B. S. Milam, J. A. Collier, Jennings, Clower, Brashears, M. B. Montgomery.

DECTORE CLUB



OFFICERS

H. Talbot Odom					. President
R. Burdett Ray					Vice-President
J. Isaiah Cain .				Secretary	and Treasurer

MEMBERS

West, A. W.	Willis, A. J.
Busby, L. H.	Morris, L. A.
Reeves, C. H.	Touchstone, A. G.
Price, J. H.	Blassingame, C. D.
Langford, W. R.	Middleton, T. A.

BAR ASSOCIATION

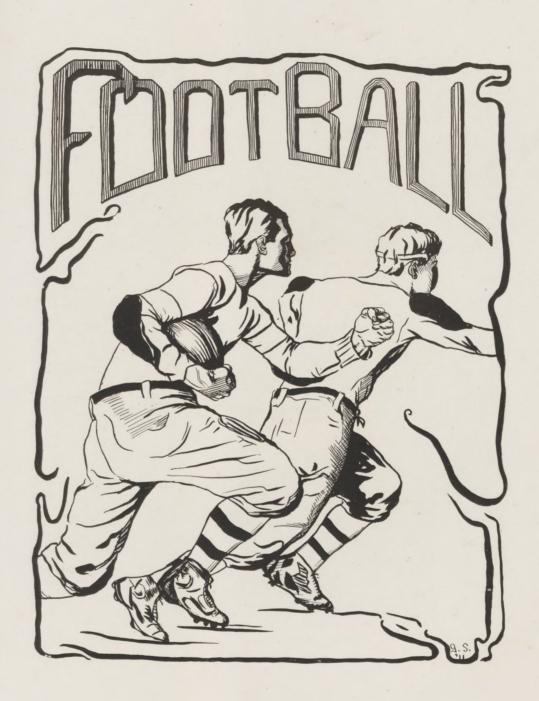


OFFICERS

P. M. Lee					President
C. I. Laseter				V	ice-President
Hilton Russell					Secretary

MEMBERS

	MILIVIDLIA	
P. F. Williams M. B. Montgomery J. P. Powell	C. Yerg Horace	Russell
R. R. Hardy	N. G.	
H. J. McLaurin	W. C.	
A. A. Tate	J. B. D	ualey





SNAPS OF THE U. OF M. GAME

Football Team

Chadwick, Coach; Hartzog, Manager; Blankenship, Captain.

'VARSITY

Smith, R. G., Conner, R. T., Hartzog, R. E., Pilkington, L. G. Cannon, L. T., Henson, C.,

Donnell, End, Blankenship, R. H. Dale, F. B., Ballard, L. H., Stanley, Q. B., Wiseman, L. E.,

SUBS

Anderson, Beard,

Massey. Chapman,

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, 1910

A. &	M		Starksville			October 1
L. I.	I		0			October 15
L. S.			Baton Roug	ge		October 22
	M		Campus			October 29
U. of	Memphis		Jackson			Cancelled



MISS ROBBIE MAE CASEY, Sponsor.



MISS LAURA JIGGITTS, Maid of Honor



CHADWICK, Ccach.

Football

Mississippi College took on the heaviest schedule last Fall she ever has had. Considering her experience of only two years on the Gridiron, and the teams she played, she has done exceptionally well. The light and plucky team was full of grit and when weight was lacking, sand filled in the holes. Every man played like a demon and showed that it will only take a little time for M. C. to be a winner. The Old Gold and Blue will not deck many old men next year, but that new material is something fierce. Blackenship, Stantley, Cannon, Shilling and Hartzog we loose by graduation, but Henson, Priddy, Parks, Conner and Tate will be back to report for early practice. With this neucleus of old men on the Gridiron, Coach Cha'wick expects to put out the best team M. C. ever has produced.



HARTZOG, C. R., Right End.

"Cut Rate" is the companion end of "George" and when a man gets by him, "he is going some." He is one of our surest tacklers and is every inch a man. For his build he is as fast as they make them, and played good ball both defensive and offensive during the whole season. We hate to lose him, for it will be hard to find a man who can fill his place on our team.



BLANKENSHIP, C., Right Half, Captain.

Active as a cat and with a head full of football sense, "Blank" was decidedly our star. Almost as fast as the wind he is, and can dodge like an old timer. He is one of the best players developed on any southern gridiron this year, and football experts and enthusiasts have handed him a large bunch of roses. His punting was superb, his toe was nimble, and his generalship was brainy. On any team in the south he would easily make his mark.



CANNON, J. W., Left Tackle.

"Guns" was one of our best men this season, developing wonderfully before the season closed. He did himself much credit at tackle, for the experience he has had. "Guns" is an all round athlete, being both a basketball and baseball man. He is noted for his obstinancy, his motto being, "Fight to the End." Cannon goes out with the class of '11, and has a bright future in the football world.

CONNER, L. H., Right Tackle.

"Bull" is the only big man we have. He weighs 180 and is a fierce tackler. He believes in making things hum around tackle, and there is generally something doing when you hear him bellow. He is the life and delight of the team, having a jovial disposition. He can make holes in the enemy's line big enough to drive a wagon through. He will be a good nucleus around which to build a winning team next year.



HENSON, ED., Center.

"Ed." is a good man and can be relied on in times of great need. He hits the line like a "cannon" and is quick and aggressive, never letting his opponent get the best of him. "Ed." will be a valuable cog in our machine next year. He has the grit and determination that it takes to infuse life into a good team. We expect to hear much more of him when the old heroes are being replaced by the new.



STANLEY, J. R., Quarter Back.

Roger always generaled his forces with adequate skill encouraging them and urging them to victory. He never got rattled in his life, but could be depended on in the thickest of the fight. He has stopped men after they had passed everybody else, being a fast and sure tackler. Roger has won many laurels for himself and his teammates this season. We lose a good man by his finishing this year.





SMITH, HERMAN, Sub Line.

Herman played a good game all the season and we are sorry to loose him by his graduation, for he would make an invincible man for next year's 'Varsity. The feature of his playing was the closing of his eyes and jumping blindly into the fight. He hit the line hard and won the respect of his opponents in all the games he played.



DALE, D. W., Full Back.

Dale made his debut in football this year. He played a good game at fullback, and with another year under Coach Chadwick, will "Star." He is gritty, full of pluck and bucks the line like a veteran. Dan played hard for his team this year, and when next season opens, we expect to again see him in togs.



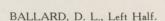
WISEMAN, D. P., Left End.

"Daisy," the little man with the big muscles, filled one of the most important places on the team. When a man was to be tackled "Daisy" was on the spot and no matter how big they were, they all looked alike to him. When the roll was called for baseball, Wiseman headed the list as Captain and made good here as well as in football.

PILKINTON, H. T., Right Guard.

"Pilk" came to us late in the season, got down to work and did himself much credit. He is "lanky" and has a long reach on him, that gets the man as he starts thru' the line. This is his first year and he can do us much good in the future. With just a little more training he will rank with his brother who won fame on the "Ole Miss." Eleven years ago.





"Dug" is a "star" and will continue to be a "star" in football as long as ladies continue to attend football games. Ballard has speed and weight and is a good gainer. He plays good defensive ball and keeps a cool head. "Dug" has also made a good showing in Basketball and Track. After another coaching, under Chadwick, much is expected next year of Ballard in defense of the Old Gold and Blue.



ANDERSON, G. D., Sub End.

"Blink" is from Hattiesburg, and will be with us again next year. He is noted far and wide for his pluck and much is expected of him in the fall of '11. He is in the game from start to finish and does not know when he is knocked out. Fellows, keep your eyes on "Blink" next season, for he's going to get right.





MASSEY, J. C., Sub. Back.

"Crap" was a hard hitter in every game he played. We expect him to be with us next year and when Coach Chadwick calls the roll next fall, "Crap" will be among the good material on which to build a winning team. His highest ambition is to win the Athletic Medal in his Junior year and to make special distinction.



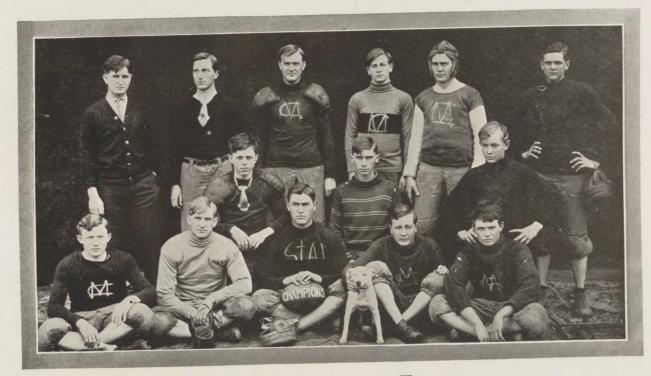
BEARD, W. L., Sub. Half Back.

"Whiskers" is little, but loud. He is game to the core, always wishing he could get bruised up for his dear old Alma Mater. He is exceedingly cool-headed and his pleasant smile seldom failed to get the best of his opponent. He is a good ground gainer and is hard to down. Beard showed up better in the game than he did in practice.



CHAPMAN, C., Sub. H.

Chapman, like other men that come from Flora, is destined to make us a good man on the football, as well as the baseball team. Chapman was a little late coming out, but showed class. Although he did not make regular position this year, he has the making of a football player in him. We hope to hear from him again in September.



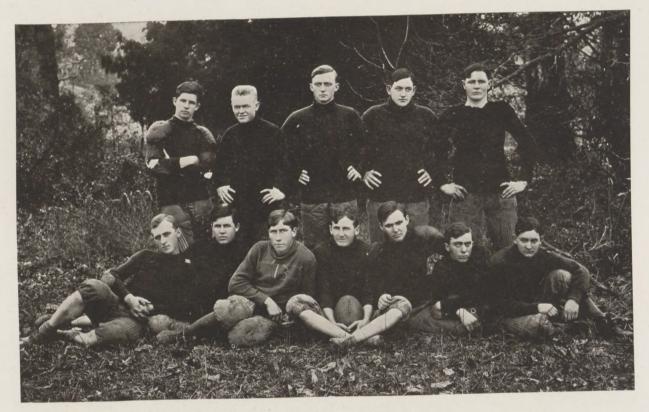
Preparatory Football Team

Anderson, Coach; Russell, Parks, Phillips, Howell, Middleton, Thompson, Youngberg, Hemler, Tate, Captain; Martin, Morris, Hunnicutt, Marlowe.



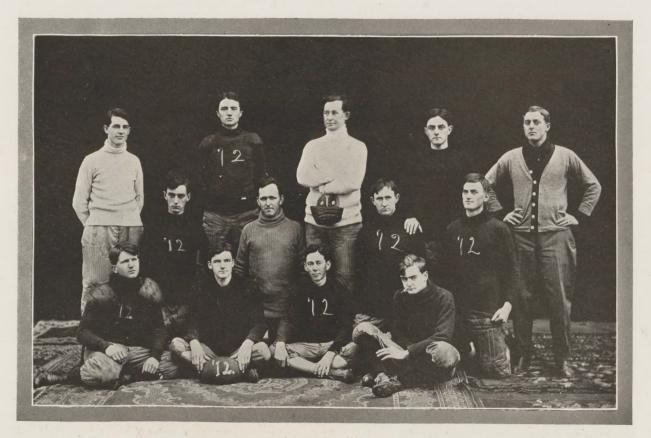
Freshman Football Team

Tate, Chapman, Captain; Hood, Thompson, Turley, Conner, Coach; Batson, Jacobs, Hill, Horn, Williams, Bennett, Price, Jones, Oates, Manager; Stringer, Nelson.



Sophomore Football Team

Thomas, Stapleton, Denson, Massey, Manager; Stringer, Busby, Walker, Priddy, Cannon, Thigpen, "Biscuit" Simmons, Captain; Parker.



Junior Football Team

Everett, Middleton, Harris, Russell, Dale, Manager; Martin, Fortenberry, Ellzey, Young, Martin, R. E., Dees, Captain; Mayhall, Porter.



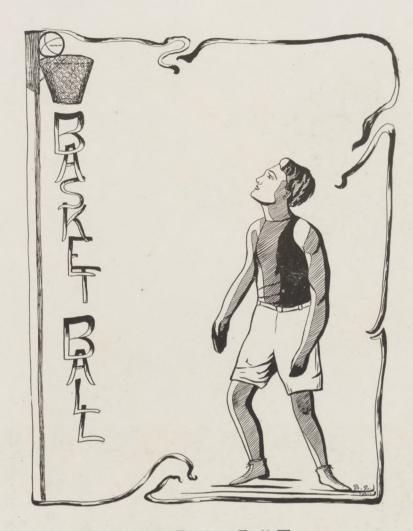
Senior Football Team

Lee, Yerger, Standifer, Stuart, "Whiskers" Beard, Captain; Montgomery, Webb, Smith, Manager; Noble, Dudley, Laseter, Reeves, McCann, Williams, Seab, Singletary, Mascot



All-Class Football Team

J. D. Hathorne, C. P. Chapman, M. B. Longino, H. Russell, W. L. Beard, Captain; M. B. Montgomery, R. E. Dees, M. R. Harris, E. F. Stringer, J. K. Oates, T. E. Simmons, Manager; T. A. Middleton, Tate, Andy.



Varsity Basket Ball Team

H. Russell, L. G. E. N. Henson Mgr. D. L. Ballard, R. G. E. F. Stringer, Sub. J. W. Cannon, C.

Capt. T. E. Simmons, L. F. J. A. Collier, R. F.

SCHEDULE

Florence High School	:	Campus	 . December 11, 1910
Mendenhall High School	1.	Campus .	. January 18, 1911
Birmingham Athletic Club		Birmingham	. January 27, 1911
A. &. M		Starksville	January 28, and 29, 1911
U. of M		Campus	February 14 and 15, 1911

Basket Ball



MISS AVA WATKINS, Sponsor.

Manager Ballard ended the basketball season with a pretty figure in the credit column. He began working his men early, and, by the middle of January, had the fastest basketball team on the court M. C. has ever claimed. Every man was a team in himself, and where experience was lacking, head work filled the bill. Capt. Simmons played his usual game throughout the season, and handled his men with ability that would do credit to a great general.

Much to M. C.'s credit, she went into the A. & M. gym. and came away with flying colors, after having been on the road all day. After the team returned home, practice was abandoned on account and the drawing near of the season's end, but alas the U. of M. after her tardy fashion, wanted a series, and M. C. saw fit to take Capt. Martin's team on her almost completed schedule. The games did not come up to the usual standard, but were very close and exciting. M. C., for the first time in her basketball history, conceded the State championship to her rival.



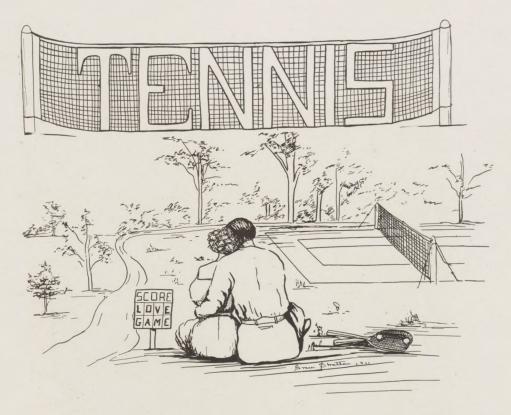


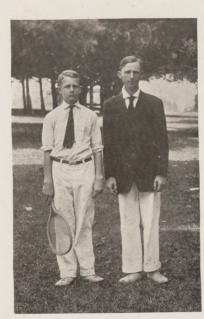
Track Team

Mgr. J. H. Berry, Dear, Hunnicutt, Middleton, Blankenship, Yerger, Dees, Price, Henson, J. C. Stanley, J. R. Stanley, Captain; Cannon, Ballard, C. M. McGehee, H. J. McGehee, Walker, Nelson, Underwood, Horace Russell.



TRACK TEAM

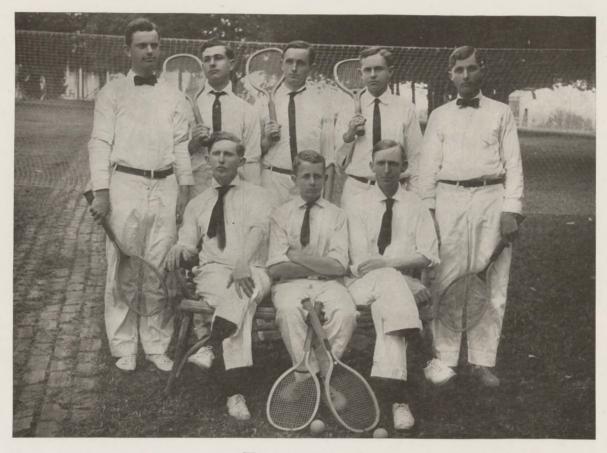




Mgr. J. I. CAIN and LIPSEY, Winner of Singles



CAIN and SEAB, Winner of Doubles.



Tennis Team

Cain, Seab, Lipsey, Brashears, Smith, Hamilton, Whittington, McCann.

GOLF GLUS



Golf Club

Miss Laura Jiggetts, Sponsor J. H. Berry, Pres. R. B. Cooper, Vice-Pres. J. P. Powell, Sec. and Treas. J. L. Johnson, Faculty Member R. P. Noble M. B. Montgomery Melton C. D. Price

P. M. Lee J. H. Price Miller M. M. Simmons S. M. Simmons H. Simmons Blankenship Langford Brashears Lloyd J. C. Stanley I. F. Dale W. G. Kirkland Nelson L. J. Stapleton Thigpen

Colors: Old Rose and White



GOLF CLUB.





MISS BESSIE STOVALL, Sponsor.



MISS RUBY LOWREY, Maid of Honor.

Base Ball, 1911

Collier, Manager

Chadwick, Coach

Milam, Assistant Manager

Wiseman, Captain

LINE-UP

Wisema	n, C	aptair	n .			First	Base
Ray							atcher
Nobles							icther
Stringer							itcher
Cruise							itcher
Hartzog					S	econd	Base
Milam							Base
Collier							Stop
Stapletor	1						Base
Blankens	ship						Field
Barber							Field
Denson							Field
Smith					Sı	ib. C	atcher

SCHEDULE

A. &. M.						Campus			3-27-28-29
L. S. U.						Baton Rouge			. 4—4—5—6
									4—13—14—15
									4—19—20—21
									4—24—25—26
Cumberlan	d U	niver	sity			Campus .			. 5—1—2—3
Millsans C	Colleg	re				Tackson .			 . 5—5—6

Base Ball

BOUT the middle of February the ball ground was covered with sixty husky candidates, all feeling confident of a place on the Varsity team. After a month of hard work Coach Chadwick had weeded the bunch down to two fast and snappy teams. Then these two teams played the game that picked the team which took two out of three games from A. & M., our

gallant and long time foe as is shown below. Capt. Wiseman deserves much credit for his constant work, and for the undivided attention he gave his men. After the 'Varsity line-up had been announced, every man

felt sure that M. C. would reap sweet revenge from all her rivals.

The baseball season of 1911 opened with our ancient foe, A. & M. game went to the visitors, owing to the fact that it was our first game of the season and the boys had not settled down. Nobles pitched great ball, allowing only five hits and should have won his game, as the old saying goes, "Hand down," but for the first inning. The first up for A. & M. led off with a clean hit, then followed a series of wild throws and for awhile A. & M. men piled across the plate until it kept three men busy at the score board to keep account of them, and when the dust had cleared A. & M. had four scores

Our boys came back in their half with that never give up spirit that has always been dominant among them and made two scores. Blank walked and by a sacrifice and two wild throws, they made two runs in the first inning, but after that there was absolutely nothing doing for our boys, thanks to Mr. Cole and "Shuckins" from Starksville.

In the sixth, A. & M. bunched two hits and scored their only earned run. Nobles and Smith pitched great ball, both seemed to be in mid-season form, neither had a shade on the other and had our boys supported "Country" as they did "Shuckins" it might

have been a different song.

The second game opened fast and Stringer, from the beginning, began to make "fur fly," for, his smoke and curves were too much for them, while Faircloth, for A. & M., was not going to sleep on his job. It was another pitchers battle, enough to satisfy the hungry hearts of the most ardent supporters of our National game. But we are sorry to say that the afternoon pleasure was marred by a squabble over a decision of "His majesty," the Umps, which resulted in A. & M. walking off the field and forfeiting the game to M. C., 9-0.

The third day found "Country" and "Shuckings" out for blood. The former chewing his "Slippery Elm" and the later his "Natural Leaf." It opened gloomy for our boys, for they got away with a two run lead, thanks to a few errors and no hits, but from

then on Mr. Nobles had them eating out of his hand to his own music.

In the sixth we got busy and tied the score, and in the seventh and eighth forged to

the front, and some of our "sports" (?) haven't stopped rejoicing yet.

M. C.'s future in baseball for this season is growing brighter and brighter as the season advances. With the fastest fielding team and the star pitching staff of the State, we intend to close the season with State championship at our belt.



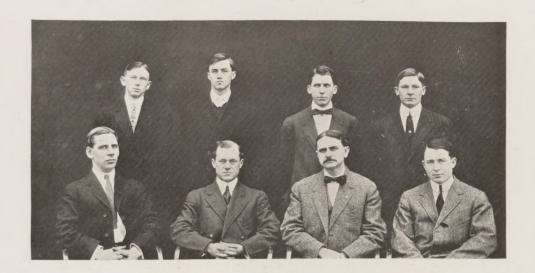
Varsity Base Ball Team

Wiseman, Captain; Collier, Manager; Milam, Assistant Manager; Ray, Hartzog, Stapleton, Barber, Blankinship, Denson, Nobles, Stringer, Cruise.



Scrub Team

Cannon, Massey, Halton, Biggers, Middleton, Simmons, Chapman, W. H. Smith, C. D. Smith, Connor, Stapleton, Dale, Lloyd, Ellzey, Holmes.



Athletic Association

Collier, Ballard, Beard, Hartzog, Godbold, Hall, Johnson, Chadwick.

The Psalm of Base Ball

Tell me not, O mournful joker, "We must lose to 'Ole Miss' team!" For the M. C. spirit sleepeth, And things are not what they seem.

Baseball is real! Baseball is earnest! And things are not always the same. "That A. & M. beat us so will 'Ole Miss,'" Was not spoken after the game.

(With sincere apologies to Longfellow and Pete Williams)

J. L. Johnson

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Johnson! Johnson! Johnson! The coming of Prof. J. L. Johnson into the faculty of M. C. at the beginning of the session of 1906-'07, marked a new era in our college athletics. When the athletic council was organized, he was elected chairman and his untiring work has proved the wisdom of the selection. He has been leading in all our efforts to make a success of every department of our college athletics.

In 1906 baseball and tennis teams were the ony representatives we had in the outof-door inter-collegiate contests. Now we have in addition to these, football, basketball and track teams that are proving themselves formidable contenders for championships. A glance at their records during the last session will prove to the most doubtful that henceforth any team, before proclaiming themselves champions, must reckon with us.

From the beginning the hardest struggle has been along financial lines. The loyalty of our student body and faculty has been the sole dependence of our managers in meeting the expenses of our home teams, visiting teams and coach salary for four years. Prof. Johnson has contended that we have had as much right at the annual contest of the M. I. O. A. as the University and the A. & M. He realized that a large part of the money that has made them such strong rivals has come from the proceeds of this game. efforts in this direction have resulted in the organization of the Mississippi Inter-collegiate Association as a member of which we are to be on the same basis in this game after this

year as the other institutions concerned. This year we get thirty per cent. of the net proceeds, and in the future they are to be divided equally among the members of the Associa-Thus henceforth, our athletics will be on a much stronger financial basis and our teams

will be able to represent us much better in the championship contests. To Prof. Johnson is due the credit for this and we take this method of expressing, to some extent, the ap-

preciation of the student body and all concerned.

Yells

Ana-be-bo, Ana-bi-bo!—
Ana-be-bo-bi-bo-boom!
Rah!
Rip saw, Rip saw,
Bang!
We are the boys of the M. C. gang.
Para-balo, Para-balo,
Miss. College, yellow and blue.

Rip saw, Rip saw, Bang!
We are the boys of the M. C. gang!
Are we in it?
Well I should smile,
We've been in it for a deuce of a while.

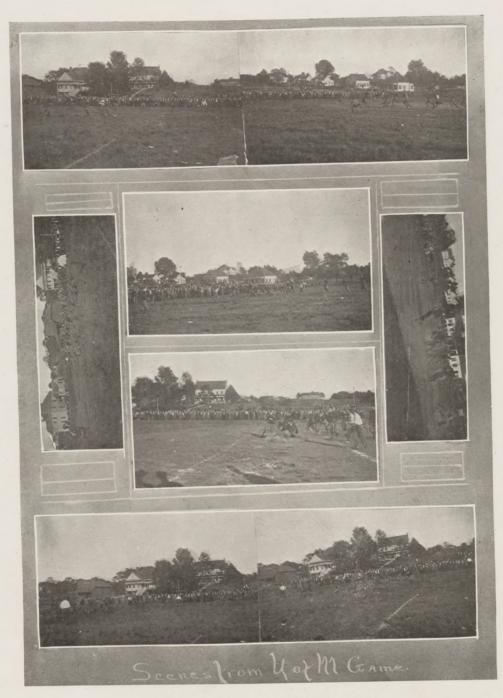
Zip, Zam, Zoo, Who, Ah, Who, Rah, Rah, Rah, Yellow and Blue.

Ratta-ta-thrat, ta-thrat, ta-thrat! Terra-ta-lix, ta-lix, ta-lix! Kick-a-ma-bah! Kick-a-ma-bah! Mississippi College! Rah! Rah! Rah!

> Hullaballo! Rah! Rah! Hullaballo! Rah! Rah! Who Ah? We Ah! We Are It!

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka!
Ching! Ching! Ching!
Boom-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka!
Who are we?
Mississippi College boys,
Yes, sir-ee!

Hobble-gobble, Hobble-gobble,
Zip, zam, zoo!
Thrim-a-lim, Thrim-a-lam,
Thrim, thram, throo!
Hear us! Look at us!
We are who?
Mississippi, Mississippi,
Yellow and Blue!



FOOTBALL SCENES FROM U. OF M. GAME

The Passing of the Day As We See It

1:30 A. M. Hendrix still reading poetry. 2:00 A. M. Cats begin to fight all over town. "Tip" May retires.
M. SILENCE. 2:15 A. M. 2:20-4:00 A. Chas. Singletary begins work. 4:30 A. M. 5:00 A. M. Gin whistle blows. 5:30 A. M. Shoemaker gets up to milk. 6:00 A. M. 6:30 A. M. 6:45-7:00 A. 7:00 A. M. BREAKFAST. 7:03 A. M. T. O. Phillips finishes breakfast. 7:15 A. M. S. B. Kirkland "dopes." 7:20 A. M. Carl Seab goes to see Cain. 7:20 A. M. Dick Langford and Brashaeres go arm-in-arm down the street. 7:26 A. M. Hunnicutt, Raborn, and Priddy go to chapel. "Buster B-" Chadwick rises. 7:30 A. M. 7:35 A. M. Malcolm Montgomery yawns and sends "Punch" after cigars. 7:40 A. M. Cott goes to the post-office. Brashears and Langford still together. 7:50 A. M. "Dock" Noble and Percy Lee get to breakfast. 7:52 A. M. 8:00-8:45 A. M. CHAPEL. 8:45 A. M. First period begins. 8:46 A. M. Cott goes to the post-office. 8:47 A. M. Breashears finds Dick. 8:48 A. M. Prof. Weathersby goes to town. 8:49 A. M. All boys leave town. M. "Little Bill" "dopes." 8:50-9:35 A. 9:40 A. M. Montgomery has business at the Jiggetts House. "Pete" composes a poem. 9:45 A. M. "Fool" Simmons rises. 9:50 A. M. 9:55 A. M. Dick Langford looks for Brashears. 10:00 A. M. Cott goes to the post-office for 10:45 mail. 10:25 A. M. Odom writes to Crystal Springs. Jack Ray fugaboos Zed for a "ten" in Calculus. 11:00 A. M. 11:15 A. M. "Fool" Simmons and Montgomery go after cigars. "Toot Toot" Martin and "Tip" May cut the book for drinks. 11:30 A. M. 11:45 P. M. Cott goes to the post-office to mail a letter. 12:00 M. Montgomery and Bob Cooper get to Logic. 12:10 P. M. Pilkington still at the barber shop. 12:30 P. M. DINNER. 12:40 P. M. Havis and Jacobs feed the cat. 1:00 P. M. All preachers go after mail. 1:30 P. M. Recitations. 1:45 P. M. Cott at the post-office again. 2:00 P. M. "Stokes" puts on baseball uniform. 2:30 P. M. Dick and Brashears go to the golf links. 3:00 P. M. "Whiskers" and Jim J. Powell go to Freshman History. 3:25 P. M. Cott seen coming from the post-office. 3:35 P. M. Prof. Godbold calls on Jack Ray in Physics.

Ballard stands on campus in track suit. 3:40 P. M.

Stute goes down to Athletic field to see baseball practice. 3:45 P. M.

Ballard arrives and makes three or four rounds on the track alone. 3:50 P. M.

"Pete" Williams writes a love sonnet. 4:00 P. M.

"Pilk" still at the barber shop. 4:05 P. M.

4:30 P. M. Last period over.

4:35 P. M.

Odom writes to Crystal Springs. Montgomery and "Fool" go after cigars. 5:00 P. M.

E. A. Simmons lights his cob pipe. 5:10 P. M.

5:15 P. Shoemaker milks. M.

"Dock" Noble's quartette begins to sing. 5:45 P. M.

SUPPER. 6:00 P. M.

"Toot Toot" eases D. W. Holmes and puts it there 6:30 P. M.

All Dormitory boys leave town in a hurry. 7:00 P. M.

Roberts gives the dormitory boys paragoric. 7:20 P. M.

Dick Langford and Brashears together for the night. "Billie de Kirk" and Hollowell retire. 7:25 P. M.

7:30 P. M.

Henry goes to the post-office for the last time. 7:35 P. M.

"Members of the Mid-night Crew" leave for Jackson. 7:40 P. M.

Chadwick studies. 8:00 P. M.

Chadwick quits studying. 8:15 P. M.

"Stokes" visits. 8:30 P. M.

Pilk still at the barber shop. 8:45 P. M.

"Pete" writes another love sonnet. 9:00 P. M.

Ladner and Howell play a joke on the Campus Boys. 9:10 P. M.

Odom writes to Crystal Springs. 9:15 P. M.

Hartzog studies History and cusses er-er-er-9:20 P. M.

Jim Powell goes to see Dr. "Spot." (?) 9:30 P. M.

Tom Sasser gets to the Annual Staff meeting. 9:45 P. M.

Beard courts his friends' girls. 10:00 P. M.

"Kirk" "dopes." 10:15 P. M.

Montgomery and "Fool" sing. 10:30 P. M.

"Stoke" pulls off his uniform. 10:35 P. M. "Country" Nobles wishes for "sum jim-fritzes." 10:40 P. M.

Horace McLaurin goes by the Stute whistling. 10:50 P. M.

"Whiskers" Beard comes in satisfied. 11:00 P. M.

Odom and McCann talk about their girls. 11:05 P. M.

Bob Cooper gets to the Annual Staff meeting. 11:10 P. M.

"Ikey de Barb" comes in having no other fish to fry. 11:15 P. M.

"Pete" composes more poetry. 11:30 P. M.

Roberts and Russell visit all the rooms at the dormitory. 11:45 P. M.

"Pilk" leaves the barber shop. 11:50 P. M.

DARKNESS. 12:00 M.

Annual Staff adjourns at Bob's suggestion. 12:10 A. M.

West rises to study. 12:15 A. M.

Cott comes in to spend the night with Kelly and Walter Lee. 12:30 A. M.

12:40 A. M.

"Stokes" "Ole Lady" comes in from courtin'.
"Stokes" (stumbling over a chair): "Ole Lady, where is my base-12:45 A. M. ball uniform?"

Hartzog dreams about Prof. Wallace. 12:50 A. M.

Fortenberry comes in from the country. 1:00 A. M.

Theatre goers return. 1:15 A. M.

"Pete" dreams about writing another sonnet. 1:20 A. M.

Pilkington studies. (????????) 1:25 P. M.

ALL'S WELL. 1:30 A. M.

Wonder What!

In the sombre glory
Of the evening's golden tide,
Told the lad a story
To the maiden at his side.

Whispered he so gently
In the blushing maiden's ear,
Listened she intently
For his treasured words to hear.

Wonder what he told her
In the twilight's mellow glow?
Oh, could you behold her,
I'm sure you would like to know.

For her face was gleaming
In the love-light of her eyes,
Like the clouds a-streaming
In the crimson, sunset skies.

Harken! I will tell you
What the happy maiden heard,
Simply this, "I love you"—
Not another single word.

Sink or Swim

By J. H. BETUCARTGES.

ARRY Hawkins had been working as teller at the Rockerbilt Bank and Trust Company for three years, and during the whole time had never asked for a vacation. It didn't take a Bilbo investigation to tell that he was working for a raise. Probably the next shift would put him up to cashier or at least assistant, and no doubt but that, within another year his

salary would be raised. Spring was beginning to come on, and-well you couldn't blame him, but Hawkins began to long to look again into those clear brown eyes, and to hold again in his the soft white hand of the girl he had determined to win. During the Christmas holidays she had visited in Atlanta, and Hawkins was one of the many that had succumbed to her charms. Miss Richland, as she was known in society circles, had become Alice to him long ago.

"If I could only run down and see her for a few days right now," he said to himself, as he laid her last letter aside. "I believe I could have her living in Atlanta within a month." He mused for a moment. "I'll do it," he said determinedly. "What's a raise to a wife any way? I'll ask Mr. Sellers to let me off next Saturday until Wednes-

day morning. I know he'll do it." On the following Saturday afternoon, Hawkins hastily finished up his books and caught the first car home. Had you been in the Terminal Station that night at eight-thirty you might have noticed a wide awake young man of thirty walk up to the Southern Ticket Office and call for a Pullman ticket to Brunswick. It would have been easy to tell that he wasn't a traveling salesman, he was too nervous and excited over his one piece

of baggage, Monday night came and Hawkins was paying his third visit to Miss Richland. It was warm and they sat on the front porch. The running rose bush alone hid them from The clock struck eleven. Evidently the climax had been the light of the full moon. reached, for Miss Richland was considering.

"Well I don't know," said she, "but—er—I suppose—."

A step on the walk stopped her. A man was entering, and by the plain light of the moon Hawkins recognized the face of Mr. Sellers.

"Gee!" he said softly, "that is the bank president. Evidently he wants me, and I

can't leave you yet. My leave is for one more day. I must have it. I go. Tell him I haven't been here since afternoon."

He left by the side entrance, while Miss Richland answered the door bell that was already ringing for the second time.

Hawkins did not go back to his room at Hotel Majestic that night.

another hotel.
"I just can't leave here now," he thought, "and besides I have a right to stay until Wednesday morning.'

As soon as he awoke next morning he began to repeat.
"What if there is something wrong with the cashier?" he asked himself. Mr. Sellers wants me to take his place. What a fool I was. Certainly that it what he wants, and here I have been dodging him."

Before Hawkins was ready for breakfast, however, there was a knock at his door.

It was Mr. Sellers. Hawkins greeted his cordially. "I suppose," the President began, "You know already why I am here."

"No, I haven't the least idea," said Hawkins innocently.
"Let me do the talking please," demanded Mr. Sellers as he continued. day morning we discovered that we were over \$20,000 short at the bank.'

"Twenty—."

"Will you kindly not interrupt?"

"Beg pard-"."

It seemed to Hawkins that Mr. Sellers would look holes through him.

"As I was saying, we are \$20,000 short. We have studied the question out carefully and have traced the matter back to you. There is no doubt about it. We are thoroughly satisfied where the money went. Before I left Atlanta I was almost certain you were guilty. After seeing your actions here, however, I am positive. I saw you slip away last night. Later I learned about your changing hotels,—yes, just to dodge me. Now, to fully convince you that I have the proof against you, I will tell you just how it happened, and just how we know it was you." Mr. Sellers began a lengthy discussion while Hawkins "like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so he opened not his mouth."

When the President had finished, Hawkins himself was almost convinced of his

guilt, and began to feel in his pockets to see if indeed the money was there.

"Now, you see, I have you," continued Mr. Sellers, "but as a matter of fact, on this evidence, it would take a great deal of trouble and expense to convict you. We do not want to carry it to court unless you make it necessary. It would be a great expense to us both. Now I am going to make you an offer. If within ten days you bring the money up, there will not be a word said about it, but things will go on just as before, except, of course, we will sever our relations with you down at the bank. On the other hand, however, if the money does not come up in ten days, we will turn the thing over to our attorney, and with the aid of the best council Atlanta affords, he will soon have you up against it. In the mean time, however, I give you notice least you should try to escape, there will be a couple of Pinkerton men constantly watching you, day and night. I suppose you fully understand me, do you? Now I am going to leave on the noon train, should you want to settle up with me before I leave that will be all the better."

Mr. Sellers closed the door behind him as he left, and said softly to himself: "That was a pretty good bluff I put up, and although I am sure of his guilt, still on that circum-

stantial evidence no jury would ever convict him."

Hawkins was alone. He silently looked around him, and then burst out:

"\$20,000! The Dickens! What the Deuce does he think I would do with \$20,000? \$20,000! He's a fool! But it certainly does look like I got it." For thirty minutes he sat. Occasionally he would jump up and swear and then sit back down and scratch his head. "\$20,000 in ten days! I'm going to see Alice!" He began to comb his head. "What do I care for \$20,000?"

He forgot he hadn't had breakfast, although it was nine-thirty, and rushed out into the street very much surprised that no one there seemed to care about the thousands he didn't happen to have. As he walked he looked down as if he might find on the pave-

ment a few stray thousands.

He rang at the Richland residence, and Miss Alice came to the door.

"Well you did succeed in dodging him, did you?"

"No I didn't,' 'he grumbled, "and, say! Come and sit down here a minute. No I didn't dodge him. I only got deeper in trouble by trying it. He don't want me. I only wish he did. What he does want is \$20,000!"

"\$20,000! And why does he come to you?"

"That's just it. He thinks I have it."

"Well, having \$20,000 is not a bad thing to be accused of having."

"Oh, but you don't understand! They are \$20,000 short at the bank, and Mr. Sellers thinks I got it. It certainly looks bad for me, too, but he says that if I settle up within ten days it will be all right, but—."

"What!" Miss Richland was staring at him wildly. "You don't mean to say that you proposed to me last night while a charge like that was against you! (And to think I was about to accept!) Brute! Don't ever speak to me again until that is settled. Do you hear?" She haughtily turned away, and slammed the door behind her.

Poor Hawkins walked away sorrowfully. Why did I do it! \$20,000! Ten days! Job gone! Girl gone! Hope gone! I would better be dead! Nothing to live

for, but a trial and disgrace! Fate has turned against me. Death would be a pleasure." A boy shoved a circular into Hawkin's hands, and he woke from the spell. He read the big head lines: "RACES NOW ON IN JACKSONVILLE!"

hope was rekindled.
"I have a few thousand ahead," he thought. "Why not risk something on the races? Luck can't be against me always. Maybe I can win enough to pay out yet. It

is my only hope. I'll do it."

He took the first train for Jacksonville. The first day he succeeded in getting up \$700.00. He lost it all. The next day he was more careful, and put \$900.00 on the favorite. When his horse reached the home stretch for a neck to neck finish, he almost went wild, but when he lost by a neck, poor Hawkins had to be carried from the grandstand. It was too much for him. After that the sight of horses almost made him sick.

He had enough of Jacksonville. He wanted to get as far away as possible. Half of his hard-earned savings was still left, and seven more days of grace. He took the night train for New York. He arrived in the city Friday evening. The fourth of his days was almost gone, still he quickly found a gambling den and before mid-night had lost \$200.00 of his remaining pile. Unlucky Hawkins! He went to bed disheartened. He woke late next morning with the feeling that luck must yet favor him. hurried breakfast and hastened to the Cotton Exchange. He found November cotton high, but steadyily rising.

'Now is my chance," he thought, and every available dollar went into cotton fu-The price continud to raise, and when the Exchange closed Hawkins was very He slept well Saturday night, and dreamed of the thousands he had cleared hopeful.

Hawkins was feeling so hopeful Sunday morning that be ventured to attend church, on cotton. and very much to his own surprise dropped a dime into the collection plate as it was passed around. Sunday's rest made him almost a new man. It cleared up his brain for

the four days just ahead.

When the doors of the Exchange opened Monday morning Hawkins was waiting. There was unusual activity in cotton from the start. There was a break,—a bad break. Down went the price, -down-down, crashing, wrecking the hopes of Hawkins and the fortunes of those who had more heavily invested. Hawkins tore at his hair, and swore, looking wildly at the figures as they went lower and lower. His first impulse, (which came only after he had recovered from the shock) was to stick it out, and hope for a raise. But this took time,—the very thing he didn't have. He sold quickly as possible and with a mere pittance, stalked out into the street with an oath never again to try the game of chance.

Bah! There is no such thing," he murmured. "Luck!

He went to his room discouraged and disgusted. He sat down and for thirty

minutes looked blankly out of the window.

"What a fool I was," he murmured aloud. "I am innocent. I know I am, and although the evidence is against me certainly in the courts, I could get justice. What a fool! What a fool! I have thrown a good lawyer's fee to the wind. Now I haven't even enough to induce a jackleg to take my case. Fool! Fool! Why didn't I think? All this devilment I have been dabbling in will now go to court as evidence against me. That \$20,000 they'll say, I spent in gambling. Oh, that I had staid with my job. All would have been right. Now I am in a pretty fix, and all on account of a woman! A visit to see my best girl! Bah! Oh woman, your charms are but daggers to stab the Oh that I could get Your beauty is but a trap for his fortune! hearts of men! vengeance.

Again he was silent, and for an hour he watched the ladies as they passed back and forth on the street below. His heart, which the week before was bubbling over with love was now hardening with envy and hatred. Suddenly he junmped to his feet. His eyes

were beaming, and his fist rang out on the table as he almost shouted:

"The women shall pay! Vengeance is mine!" Again he sat down at the table

and for an hour was silent. His eyes were fixed on the floor this time instead of on the street. With both elbows on the table he rested his head on his arms. He was thinking. Again he jumped up and burst out:

"I have it! I'll get 'em!"

Quickly he took pencil and paper and began to draw. Drawing a design? Yes, but more than that, he was drawing on his imagination, and soon he hoped to be drawing

cash from the pocket books of the Merry Widows.

When his drawings, the ones on paper, were finished, he stuffed them into his vest pocket and rushed out of the room. He was off to Washington to get a patent on what he called a Humpty gown, the latest style for women's dress. He called it a "Humpty," he said, because he had to get a hump on him to design it. The Humpty gown! To describe it, frankly, I cannot. Was it very attractive, you ask? Well not essentially, but it was neat, it was odd, and any fool could see that it was both expensive and uncomfortable. That is what is was designed for,—(But s-h——oo——Keep your foot on the soft, soft pedal! Don't let the ladies hear it.) designed for vegeance—for vegeance on the sex!

Tuesday was spent in Washington. It took Hawkins some time to get his sample Humpty made. He was also delayed more than he had thought in securing his patent. He hurried back to New York as soon as possible. It was Monday night when he arrived, and for the first time Hawkins noticed the detectives who had been constantly guarding him. But what did he care? He had two whole days yet in which to make his \$20,000. Early Wednesday morning Hawkins was down for breakfast. He ate like a millionaire,—except earlier, and hardier. He gave the waiter a heavy tip, and started out to try his fortune in the new field. He knew the name of only one ladies' apparel house, so he looked up the National Cloak and Suit Company. He called for the manager.

"Sorry," said the floor walker, "but you will have to call again at three this after-

noon."

"But I must see him now. It is important business. Where is his office?"
"His office is on the fourth floor, but I don't think you will find him in."

Hawkins heard no more than "fourth floor," until he stepped into the waiting ele-

vator, the detective behind him, and was gone.

As he stepped out of the elevator he saw on the door in front of him, "Manager's Office." He rang, and before he hardly knew it, was ushered by the office boy into the presence of the manager. The manager was very much pleased with the new gown, but shook his head.

"That is not the style," he said, "When it does become the style I shall be glad to

talk with you, but you see we go entirely by the style and not the style by us.'

He wished Hawkins very much success, and highly complimented his design, but did not pull him out of the hole, and Hawkins went away more discouraged than ever. He didn't notice the detective who was waiting outside, but he did notice that some one was pulling at his coat sleeve as he rang for the elevator. It was the office boy.

"Say Mister," said the lad, "we can't do anything for you here, but I tell you, you

know Madame Paquin, don't you?"

Hawkins shook his head.

"Never heard of the house of Paquin of Paris and London? Well any way, the Madame is what the Boss calls 'the Zarina of Fashion,' and she's here now. She is just opening up a branch house here in New York. If anybody can do anything with what you got she's it. You'll find her at the Waldorf, I guess."

Hawkins took down the name, and thanking the boy kindly, tossed him a dollar. As the elevator went down, the Pinkerton man, now becoming friendly as well as in-

terested, ventured to ask how the invention was coming along.

"Not coming much," was the reply. "And besides, I've about gone my limit."
Hawkins was lucky at the Waldorf Astoria, and being conducted to her suite found
Madame Paquin alone and very cordial. The Madame seemed very favorably im-

pressed with the design, and thought probably she could use it, but asked for a few days of consideration. To this Hawkins objected seriously, for he had only one more day. The Madame, however, insisted that she must consult with some of her designers. Finally she promised to get her report ready by five o'clock on the following afternoon.

Hawkins went away and waited, but not patiently.

At four thirty, Thursday afternoon, he stepped into the lobby of the Waldorf. One of the detectives was now constantly at his side. When he rung at the suite of

Madame Paquin he found her ready. She began:

"Mr. Hawkins, your design is the most novel, the most attractive, and in fact the most acceptable I have ever seen. There is no doubt in my mind but that it will take Paris by storm. But its real popularity will be here in the United States. The American women will go wild over it. I will give you \$25,000 for your rights.

Hawkins shook his head.

"I would rather have a royalty." "I can't do it,' 'he said.

For an hour the royalty was discussed, and finally a compromise made. Contracts were at once drawn up, and signed, and at seven Hawkins stepped out into the hall. A policeman was waiting outside with the detective.

"Have you the money?" asked the Pinkerton man. The bright, hopeful face of Hawkins suddenly dropped.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Well I am sorry, but I have a letter here from Mr. Sellers, authorizing me to start to Atlanta tonight with either you or the money.'

The officer was about to arrest Hawkins when the other detective came up, a tele-

gram in hand.

'Here is a message for you, Mr. Hawkins."

Hawkins read hastily: "The real clue to the disappearance of cash secured to-day. You are innocent. You have a right to sue me, but would like to compromise. Cashier's job waiting. J. M. Sellers.'

Another message to the detective contained an order to release Hawkins. He went to the telegraph office immediately, and sent the following message to Mr. Sellers:

"I want neither a suit nor a compromise, nor a job. Mr. Hawkins."

Two weeks later Hawkins sat in his New York office and figured out what his royalty would likely bring him for the first year. \$30,000 he found would be a low estimate. The office boy, formally had felt rich over his wages of five dollars a week at the National Cloak and Suit Company's, but who was now receiving a salary of one hundred dollars a month, came in and proudly laid a letter on the desk.

'Here's our morning mail, Boss."

Hawkins recognized the handwriting at once, and tore open the note and read:

"My Dear Harry:-

I suppose I am due you an apology for the way I treated you on your last day in Brunswick, but your statement was such a shock to me I could hardly help it. Let me join you in rejoicing over your success. You know I never did believe you had anything to do with the trouble in Atlanta. I knew you too well for that. I now gladly finish the sentence which Mr. Sellers so abruptly interrupted that night on the porch, and close by saying I am,

Yours, Alice."

Hawkins turned to his typewriter and wrote:

"Dear Miss Richland:-

I gladly accept your apology and thank you for your interest in my success. must add, however, that the girl who shares my fortune cannot be one who refuses to share my misfortune.

Sincerely, Harry."

Call Me Honest

Call me a sluggard or say that I rave;
Call me a coward, call me a slave;
Call me an egotist, say that I'm proud;
Say that I'm selfish, or say that I'm loud.
Call me a miser, say I'm a bore,
Call me erratic or anything more;
Say I'm an Easy Mark, call me a fool;
Call me a heathen or only a tool.
Say I'm peculiar, or say that I swear,
But call me honest and I won't care.

Dishonest methods are much abhorred; Be honest at home, be honest abroad; Laugh at my style, or the clothes I wear; But call me honest and I won't care.

Honesty's a virtue tried and true; It's best for me, it's best for you. Pity the man who sometimes cheats, Who often borrows—and always beats; Who sometimes steals, who will not pay; Who goes through life the crooked way. While on the stage play an honest part, With an honest hand and an honest heart. Above all else, please say I'm square; Call me honest and I won't care.

-Selected.

Success

'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day—
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought in the homestretch
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire.

—Selected.

Dignity of Labor

The rich man lies upon his bed
Of luxury and ease;
And sumptiously his house is fed
With fruits of choicest trees.
His treasurers, rich and rare they are,
Gathered from every land
And clime and field, both near and far,
And every sea and strand.

The poor man lies upon his bed,
Of straw rough, hard and cold;
And scantily his house is fed
With food all coarse and old;
Comforts and luxuries of life
He seldom has to share;
He has no time for aught, but strife
For food, and clothes to wear.

The rich man's bed is soft and white
In which he sleeps, and seems
To rest so sweetly all the night;
But never once he dreams
That in the strife for meat and bread
Some poor man's hand has wrought
That downy couch, that soft white bed
Which he with money bought.

The rich man wears his gorgeous dress
Of finest fabrics made;
Nor does he think that, in the stress,
Some fact'ry girl has paid
The price of wretchedness and cares
Of toil and aches and pains
For every garment that he wears,
And bought with sordid gains.

A palace is the rich man's home,
Of costly timbers built;
The product of the poor man's brawn—

The poor man's sweat was spilt.

The poor men toiled with pick and bar
Deep in the dark, cold earth,

Procuring coal for th' sparkling fire
That glows on th' rich man's hearth.

The rich man's gold and precious stones
And all his treasures, rare,
Are fraught with hazzards, griefs and groans,
The poor man had to bear.
For oft in fact'ry, shop and mine,
The poor man works and toils;
He gives his labor and his time—
The rich man gets the spoils.

All honor to the working man!

Let all his name extol!

Though poor he be, yet his strong hand

Has clothed and fed us all.

—J. D. F., '11.



Typical Chapel Exercise

Roll Call: "Blankenship, tardy; all present except Mr. Rather, three Loginos, Lowe, Mallory, M. B. Montgomery and "Fool" Simmons."

Dr. "Spot": "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Estes leads the hymn and Dick Langford paws the ivory.

Dr. "Spot": "Prof. Eager will announce the chapel speech."

Prof. Eager makes the announcement—(A few subjects of our chapel speeches, "Sheep without Skins," "Quack Doctors," "Autos vs. Mules," "Rankin County," "Crystal Springs," "Athletics," "The Old Chapel Bell," "Rice," and one without title eloquently delivered by "Punch" Simmons.)

Remarks on chapel speech for twenty minutes.

Dr. "Spot": "Any announcements?"

"Zed": "All who anticipate taking summer work under me, please see me at once."

"Dutchy": "Gentlemen, you know what this little red book means."

Prof. Wallace: "Some of you youngsters who subscribed to the monument fund have not paid, please do so at once, so we will be up with the University."
"Pete" Williams: "Dr. Lowrey, we want a short meeting of the Senior class up

stairs in the right hand corner."

Austin: "Dr. Lowrey, a meeting of the Freshman class, please."

Dr. Lowrey: "Young gentlemen, I have just noticed that Bro. Squedunck, a former student and graduate of this grand old institution of learning, and, by the way, an old roommate of mine, is in the audience and we shall be glad to hear anything he has to say to us."

Dr. Squedunck: "Dr. Lowrey, Members of the Faculty and Young Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to look in your smiling faces. I have had a longing for lo, these many years to come back to my dear old Alma Mater and see the vast improvements. I see only two familiar faces in the faculty, Prof. Eager and Prof. Sharp. Oft I have heard that old bell out there give a clear call for men. The call was answered and I believe as I look in your brilliant faces, that I see men who are going out into the world who will stand for truth and virtue. Men of whom Mississippi College will be justly proud. This is a great and glorious age and the future lies out before us, and we must all use the ballbearing wheels of the twentieth, or fall by the way side, but 'as for me, give liberty or give me death.' Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., -for thirty minutes.'

Prof. Johnson yawns and happens to notice we have a visitor at chapel.

Dr. Lowrey: "We are so glad to have these words of advice and encouragement from Bro. Squedunck. I feel sure that we have all been benefited by his talk, and hope that he will not wait so long to visit us again. Will some one kindly give me the correct time." (Prof. Johnson yawns and stretches.)

Prof. Aven: "Dr. Lowrey, I think I can give it to you. (Hee, hee, hee, hee.) It

is now just twenty-three minutes after nine."

Dr. "Spot": "The bell ringer will please cut the morning periods, 73/5 minutes each. Young Gentlemen, you are dismissed."

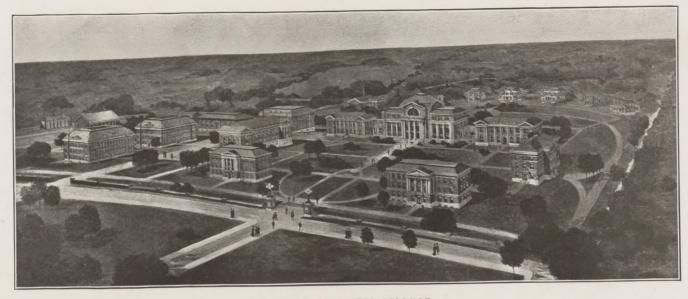
Time Does Not Wait

The college year with quickened pace, Is speeding on to end her race. Persuasive speech, entreating smile, Induce her not to stay awhile.

"Why haste you so?" some Senior asks, "I need more time to do my tasks; I want more time for play and fun—For sporting, too, ere race is run. You pass this way but once, you know, Now, why not wait and please go slow?"

"Oh, Senior boy, I love you so
I would not dare this year go slow.
One lesson now you need to learn,
That in Life's battles, real and stern,
Time waits at no man's plaintive call,
But hurries by for one and all.
Though tasks pile high and pleasures plead,
Though sporting, too, presents its need,
Still Time goes on the same old gait.
Learn well, my boy, Time does not wait."

—J. D. F., '11.



GREATER MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE

Greater Mississippi College

DR. J. W. PROVINE.



LMOST a century ago, amid peculiar yet interesting and inspiring conditions, was born Mississippi College. Eighty-five years ago her colors were unfurled, a pioneer in educational work in our State. For nearly sixty years, these same colors have been borne by the Baptist hosts of Mississippi, a blessing and inspira-

tion to thousands of our fellow citizens and to thousands all around the world. Men and women have loved her and sacrificed for her, and perhaps no other college in all this land has such a rich legacy of devotion as ours. In times past, it has seemed that the straightened conditions through which she had to pass was only the signal for renewed demonstrations of loyalty and adoration. How changed perhaps would be the inspiring history of the State had the doors of this college never been opened? So beautiful has been the affection bestowed upon her in times of distress, so noble the sacrifice of her sons, what wonder is it, that from the same stressed conditions should spring Greater Mississippi College—a giant whose strength is unknown to her admirers?

As a bar of steel is repeatedly past between ponderous rollers to toughen it by the kneading process, so with the individual student as he passes through the rolling mills of the college class rooms, well it is if he does not dis-intergrate in the process, so likewise with our glorious old college, her poverty of the past is now her virtue, her splendid sons scattered throughout the earth are her pride and glory. Mississippi College to-day stands on the highest ground she has ever occupied. As her loyal sons look back on her record, honor and pride beam from their faces. As they turn to contemplate the future our hearts beat faster and our devotion grows stronger.

Just a few years ago, the conditions, which confronted the eager young Baptist boys of our country, were pathetic in Mississippi College, but to-day we can boast of such advance as no other in Mississippi. From forty thousand dollars endowment we go to one hundred thirty thousand. From forty thousand in old buildings, we to-day boast of almost two hundred thousand in buildings. From an enrollment of two hundred twenty-five students, we pass to four hundred twenty-five. Instead of six or seven instructors, we have thirteen. Seventeen years ago, the entire science work was done in one room 18x18—Later a six room laboratory was built—To-day, we are completing a magnifi-

cent thirty room laboratory for this work. This splendid building, the best laboratory in the State, is the pride of our faculty and students. There is a strong hope that not many months will pass 'till a magnificent Library building will adorn our campus.

Plans are maturing for the addition of a quarter million dollars to our endowment, and to add also an imposing administration building. Dr. Lowrey, the President, deserves and receives the highest praise and the most cordial support of our people in this tremendous undertaking. Success is ours. It seems that there could hardly arise circumstances which would thwart and retard this triumphal march.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new; That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they should do.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of M. C. and the wonder that would be;

Saw the campus cov'r'd with buildings, structures of magic beauty, Boys with noble faces, beaming bright with love and duty.

Yet I doubt not tho' the ages they, in increasing numbers come; And the thoughts of all are widened by what M. C. has done.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)





THE CHAPEL BUILDING

L'Allegro

A college Annual is to a College what the expression is to the human face:—a portraiture of character.

For many years our beloved College was known and read by all men through those who went out from her walls, rather than through those who still sat within her borders as students.

Five sessions ago—1906-07—there was conceived within the heart and the brain of a Mississippi College student, a determination that his graduating class, and his Senior year should be characterized by the advent of a long felt College need—an Annual. It was at the time a Herculean undertaking. But few shared his vision, hence, but very few were ready to share the labor. And while these few worked indomitable, it was more through the love and admiration of their leader than because of their desire for the Annual. Hence, the bulk of the work fell to him; to him came many a sleepless night of toil following a day of strenuous labor. But whatever Gaines S. Dobbins undertook was accomplished; and the crowning of that Commencement, in the eyes of the student body at least, was the elegant copy of L'Allegro that each one proudly grasped.

After this first edition of L'Allegro, there has never once been a doubt in the minds of the student body as to the necessity of its yearly issue. Kenneth G. Price and his colleagues assumed the work the following session, and their effort fell no whit behind the first.

A. G. Stubblefield, then E. W. Saucier, each with a band of enthusiastic coworkers accomplished the task in succession. And this present issue now speaks for itsself.

Following is given in full each Annual Staff from its first inception.

L'Allegro Staffs

		100	6-'07			
Gains S. Dobbins .		190	0- 07			Edia Clic
Kennith G. Price .						. Editor-in-Chief
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J. Deck Stone						Literary Editor
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		190	7-'08			
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An Annual Staff Meeting.

Chadwick: "Boys, there are ten more pages to fill and we have just got to have another poem. 'Ole Lady,' do you know where we can get one?"

Whiskers: "I'll be 'hanged' if I know where we are going to get one, unless Pete will write it."

Pete: "Boys, I have a little poem at my room that I have been working on for about two months, and I have it in pretty good shape. I'll bring it over and let you see what you think of it."

Chadwick: "Pete, go get it."

Pete: "All right. (He goes flying after it and returns in about two minutes, saying with much enthusiasm) Boys, this is a 'dickens' of a good poem, even if I do say it."

Tom: "Pete, don't be cussing so much about it."

Kirk: "'Gosh,' that ain't cussing."

Pete: "Be quiet:" (silence)

She stood before the mirror, a fixing of her hair, When a low and gentle tapping, broke the silent air. Quietly she tipped across the floor, And with throbbing heart, opened the door.

Nobody but her own dear fellar, Who had come just for to tell her, How bright the future to him did seem, Since 'twas revealed to him in a dream.

He: "Er—er I kinder hate to tell you dear,
'Cause you see I fear
That you won't ever be my honey,
'Cause I'm poor and ain't got no money."

She: "That's O. K. my dear old boy,
It shall be my greatest joy
To hear you speak————,
You've such pretty, rosy cheeks.

He: "Well, I thought that in the book of time,
I was yours and you was mine,
Then all was joy and bliss,
Even in a hug and kiss.

She: "Dear, I trust this is revelation

To be fulfilled beyond expectation.

And in the kiss we'll find our treasure,

Where could we find a greater pleasure?

-Peter Farley Williams, '11."

Whiskers: "Pete, I'll swear that is a good poem." (All begin to laugh.)

Pete: "Lee 'dodgum' your time, you're trying to show me a good time." (Tom blushes and starts to leave the room.)

Chadwick: "Why Pete, that surpasses Browning."

Odom: "Pete, you didn't get the metre right."

Pete: "'Doggone' the metre."

Tom: "If you boys don't quit using such unbecoming language I'll just have to leave."

Whiskers: "If you had me in that fix I'd be saying worse things than that."

Tom: "I have some work up home that just must be done."

Pete: "Now boys, be serious, what do you think about this? I want to know your honest opinion."

Bob: "Peter, if I could write poetry like that I would have my picture in the hall of fame."

Collier: "Why Pete, if you were in England you would be chosen Poet-Laureate."

Pete: (Snatches the poem and crams it in his pocket) "You boys are the 'darndest' fool I ever saw. You can't appreciate good poetry when you hear it. If this is the way you have to do about it you can write one yourself." (Looks at a *sponsor*'s picture and slams the door.)

All Boys: "Good night, Peter Farley, pleasant dreams."

Pete: (In the distance) "Zum dem Teufel!"



Some Old Students; Where They Are, and What They Are Doing

The Home Coming

Like some embodied ghost of other years Returned to haunt those scenes where hopes and fears Had thrilled its heart in days of youth long flown, The gray-haired, aged Alumnus walked alone.

And as adown the Campus paths he passed With lingering step, and marked the changes vast, Wrought everywhere by Time's transforming hand, An alien seemed he in a native land.

With wonder gazed he on those structures high That loomed in majesty before his eye; He knew these structures not; scarce one was there When he a student's garb was wont to wear.

Before a tall abode where Science dwelt He paused awhile, so deep the awe he felt, And then 'twas borne on him that all he saw Betokened one deep-fixed, potent law—

The law that silent worketh on all things, Heedless what of woe to man it brings, The law mysterious, moving day by day— Time's mighty law of Progress and Decay.

Such pain leaped up within the old man's heart He sought a bench beneath a tree apart, And sadly wrapped himself in grief that he A stranger in his one-time home should be.

As thus he sat beneath the huge old tree Upon its trunk his eye saw suddenly There, deep within the bark, initials four, A date, carved by his hand—a friend's—of yore.

A host of mem'ries thronged the old man's brain; He clasped in his the dead friend's hand again; The tears fell fast, the yearning passed away; It seemed to him he had come home that day.

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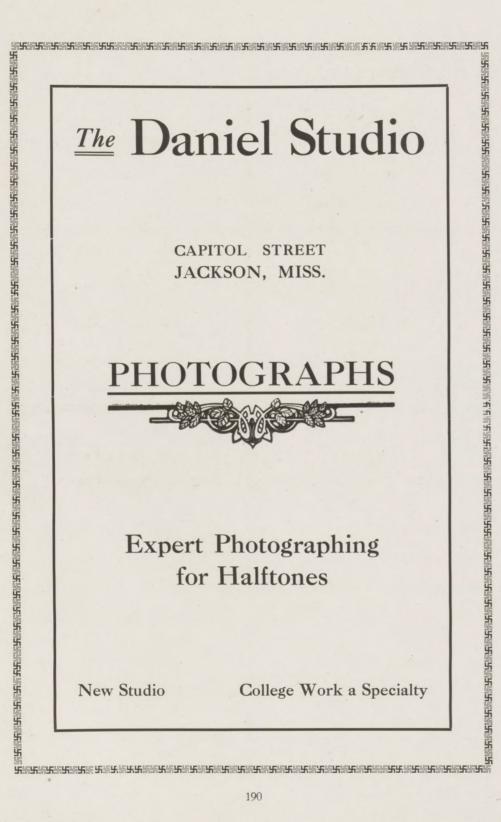
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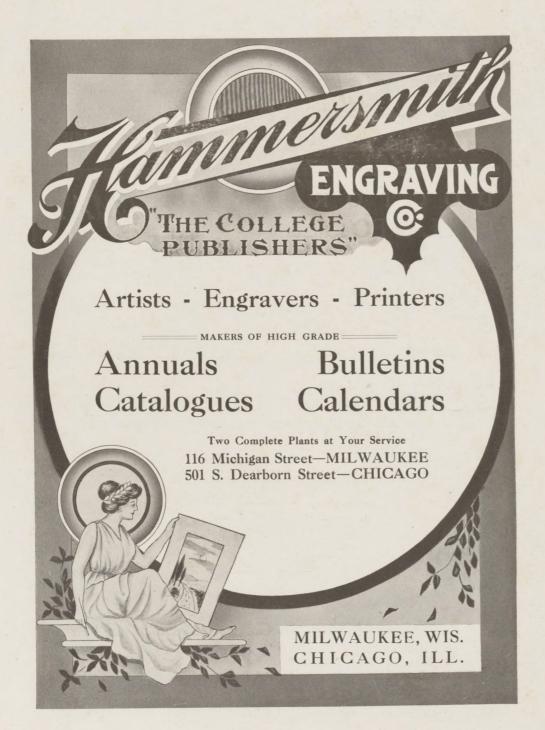
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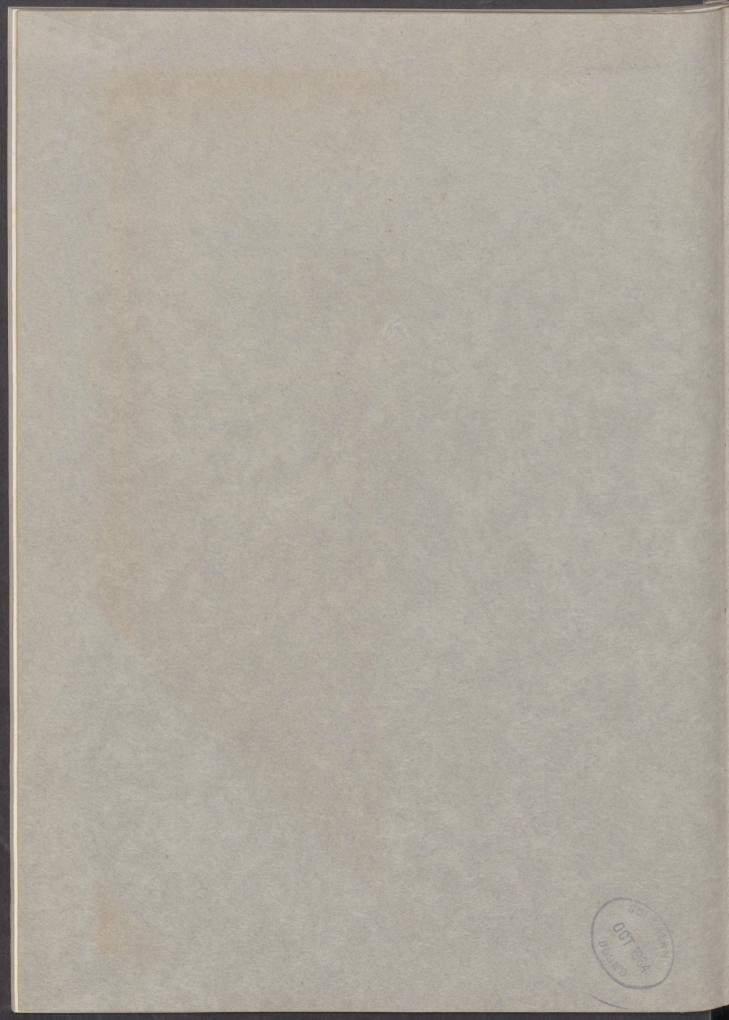
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